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SEPTEMBER 22, 1970

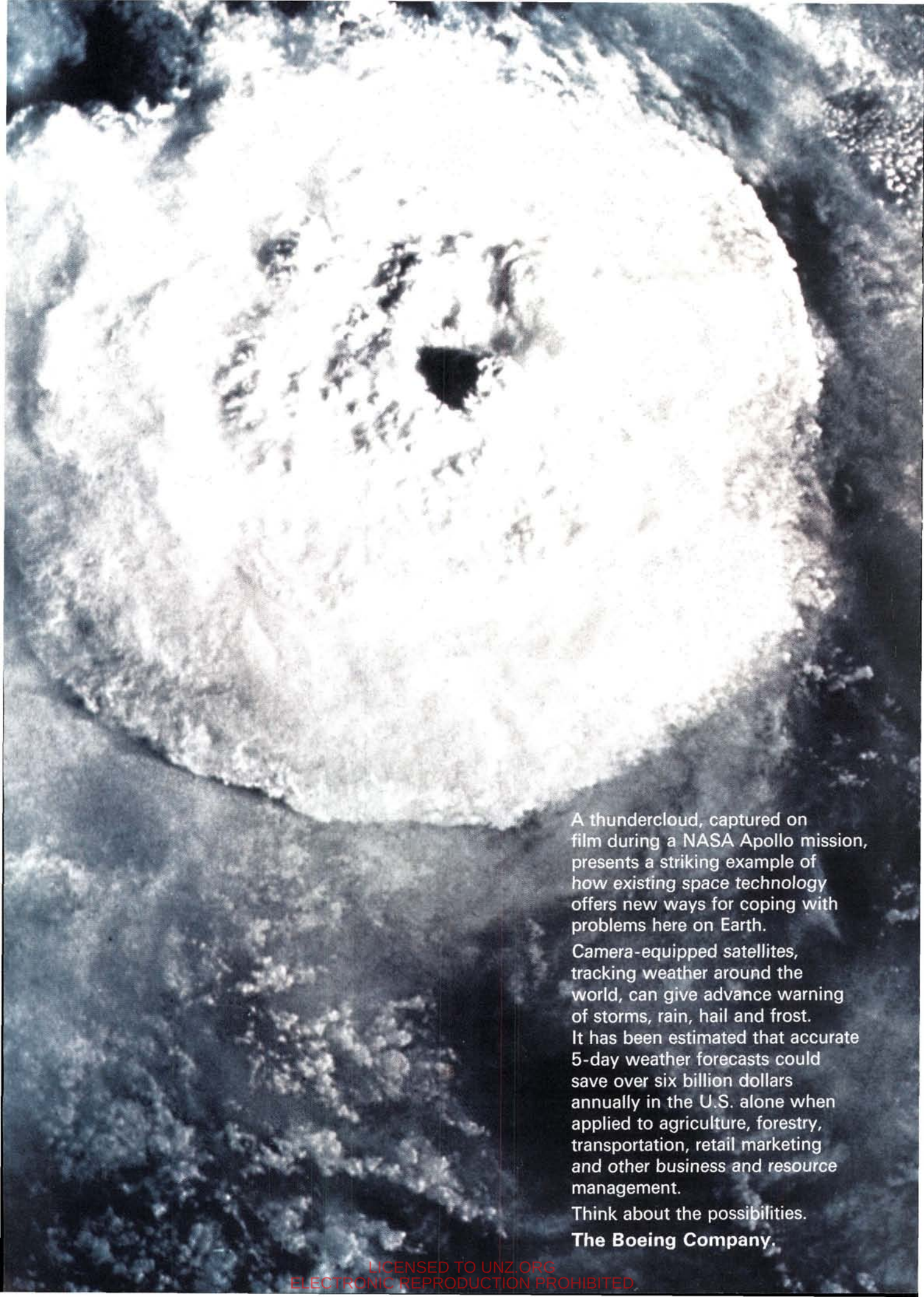
NATIONAL REVIEW

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Al Capp's Advice
to Alumni

A Father-Son Rap-In
J.D. TIERNEY

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Being a Cosmopolitan Girl
WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.



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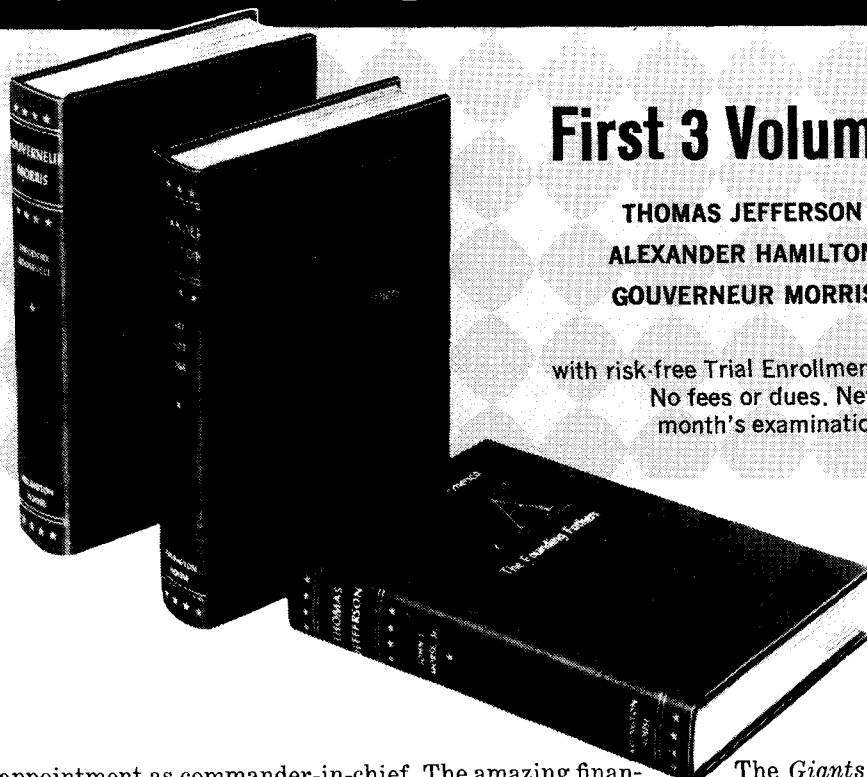
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SEPTEMBER 22, 1970

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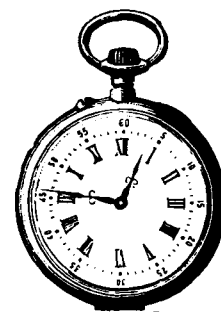
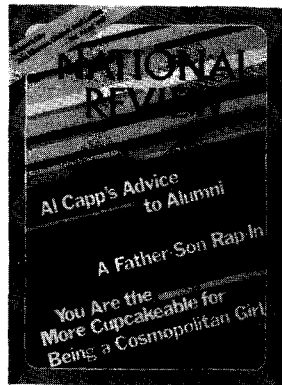
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IN THIS ISSUE



■ We'd like to welcome **Al Capp** to *NR* by repeating the introduction composed by our editor-in-chief for Mr. Capp's *Firing Line* appearance: "Mr. Capp, by his own admission, is among the two or three most influential men in the United States. He arrived at this encouraging conclusion by calculating that approximately sixty million people between the ages of six and seventy read him every day—and who, he asks, can match that? . . . Up until recently he found that the American Right was at least the funniest thing around, at most, the most threatening thing around. . . . But in recent years he has begun noticing the Left—and the Left doesn't like that at all. . . . Mr. Capp has recently been lecturing on college campuses and has a recording called just that—*Al Capp on Campus*. Suggestive of his revelations in that record is his remark that John Kenneth Galbraith is the greatest economist since Edna St. Vincent Millay." Capp's article is an adaptation of a talk given this summer to a group of Princeton alumni. . . . After reading *The Governor Listeth*, the latest book by **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.**, columnist James Jackson Kilpatrick wrote the following comments: "There is no way adequately to convey the style of my ineffable friend, who is columnist, critic, author, editor, connoisseur, yachtsman and scourge of the liberal Left, all of which activities he performs with one hand behind his back, meanwhile functioning flawlessly as debater, lecturer, gourmet, linguist, world traveler and spokesman for the conservative Right. . . . On our side of the ideological fence, Buckley, at his best beats all the rest of us at our best. And that makes him Numero Uno." This week, Numero Uno is back with a delightful analysis of the concept of cupcakeability. . . . **John Coyne** visits McSorley's to chat with John Coyne and decides, reluctantly, that he is, after all, just a male chauvinist pig at heart. . . . **J. D. Tierney**, presently in public relations, has worked as a reporter for the *Honolulu Advertiser* and the *New York Post*. . . . **Max Geltman's** latest book, *The Confrontation: Black Power, Anti-Semitism, and the Myth of Integration*, has just been published by Prentice-Hall.

■ **James Burnham**, Field Marshal of the *NR* editorial department, reviews Sir Robert Thompson's *Revolutionary War in World Strategy, 1945-1969*. Mr. Burnham's classic, *Suicide of the West*, has just been reissued. . . . **Ernest van den Haag's** review of the controversial polemic by feminist philosopher Kate Millett will bring no bouquets from Women's Lib. . . . **D. G. M. Coxe**, *NR's* long-time correspondent north of the border, reviews Edgar Smith's first novel. . . . **Francis Russell** studies the monumental history of the SS by Heinz Höhne. . . . **Brenton H. Smith** analyzes the latest on NATO.



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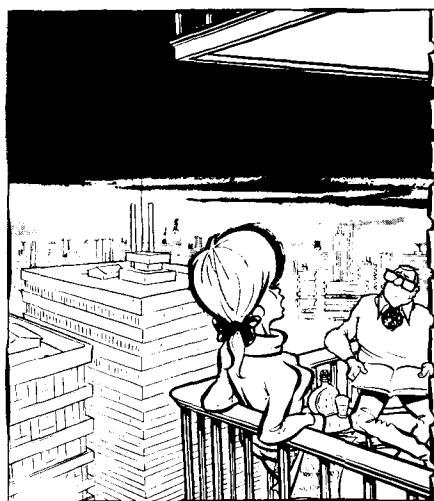
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FOR THE RECORD

■ Suddenly it's clear. Add it up: **George Meany** says the Democratic Party has gone off the tracks, no longer speaks for the working man. . . . Democratic National Treasurer **Robert Strauss** agitates to get **John Kenneth Galbraith** off the Democratic Policy Council in Washington. . . . **Hubert Humphrey** calls on liberal Democrats to crack down on black revolutionists, white arsonists and bombers, campus insurgents. . . . The **AFL-CIO** in Connecticut withholds its endorsement from senatorial Democratic candidate **Joseph Duffey**, national chairman of ADA and prominent dove. . . . Socialist Party in New York endorses just about every Democratic candidate in the state but Dr. **Bella Abzug** because of her "ultraleftist positions" (she's a New Politics-ite, is willing to go along with black separatism, is anti-Israel). What it adds up to is recognition by leading Democrats that the far-out position of much of the intellectual leadership of the party is not popular with the voters. . . . Socialist *New America*, in sober analysis of political situation, says the far-outness of the party has put the re-election of Sen. **Harrison Williams** (D., N.J.) in jeopardy, despite fact that Williams got 62 per cent in 1964, during the anti-**Goldwater** landslide. Same article says **Joseph Tydings** in Maryland (considered a sure thing six weeks ago) is in trouble, ditto **Albert Gore** in Tennessee. . . . Prospects for **Lenore Romney** in Michigan had looked bad when she just nosed out conservative **Robert Huber** in Republican primary Aug. 4, but latest polls show her moving up on Sen. **Philip Hart**. Why?, because ultraleft Michigan Democratic convention endorsed amnesty for draft dodgers, total U.S. pullout from Vietnam by Christmas and reparations to be paid to "unified Vietnam." Although Hart repudiated the amnesty resolution the local party's endorsement of it is working against him, Michigan politicians say.

■ Surprising poll in Massachusetts shows Republican Governor **Francis Sargent** most popular political figure in state. He got 71 per cent of the vote, 4 per cent more than **Edward Kennedy**. . . . Private poll taken by **Nelson Rockefeller** in New York (as reported by columnist **Charles Bartlett**) shows Democratic senatorial candidate **Richard Ottinger** getting 35 per cent of vote, conservative **James Buckley** 31 per cent, incumbent Republican-Liberal **Charles Goodell**, a very poor 14 per cent. . . . In



Yardley Jones, *Toronto Telegram*, Canada
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"I think I'll step inside for a breath of fresh air . . ."

California, former Republican Senator **Thomas Kuchel** has jumped aboard the roaring **Ronald Reagan** bandwagon. Kuchel's refusal to support **George Murphy** and **Goldwater** in '64 and **Reagan** in '66 cost him his Senate seat in '68 when he lost in primary to **Max Rafferty**.

■ Spanish journalist **Enrique Zabala Cuadrado**, who interviewed **Tupamaro** leaders in Uruguay last week says they told him they intend to release both American agricultural expert Dr. **Claude Fly** and Brazilian Consul **Aloysia Dias**

Gomide (see Robert Peter, p. 1001) in a few days' time. They have held **Dias Gomide** since July 31, **Fly** since Aug. 7. . . . Maoist terrorism continuing in India where guerrillas broke into a farmhouse in Kerala a few days ago and beheaded the owner, **Jarayanan Kutty**, in front of his family, as an example to other landlords. . . . **Eldridge Cleaver**, who has just left North Korea after extended stay to return to Algeria, called the U.S. the "number one imperialist enemy of the world" and, also, in visit to armistice line shouted across to GIs on guard: "Why are you killing Asians in Asia? Go home at once and kill Nixon."

■ FBI's Ten Most Wanted list is now up to fourteen most wanted: including a large number of fugitive leftists: **H. Rap Brown**, **Angela Davis** and the **Wisconsin Four** (U. of Wisconsin bombers). . . . Chicago Seven **Tom Hayden** hails kidnapping as weapon for New Left. He says **Huey Newton** was released "thanks to the guerrillas in Uruguay, thanks to Brazilian kidnapers." He hailed kidnap murder of judge and three others in San Rafael as "our first kidnap attempt [and said] there will be a second and a third." . . . **Hayden** and **Rennie Davis** (another of Chicago Seven) have given Nixon Administration an ultimatum. If U.S. Government doesn't withdraw from Vietnam by April 30, they will sign their own peace treaty with Hanoi. . . . Negro lobbies against abolition of Electoral College on grounds that it would undercut power of urban masses.

■ Historical footnote. World press featured picture of West German Chancellor **Willy Brandt** shaking hands with Soviet Premier **Aleksei Kosygin** after signing of Soviet-West German pact on August 12—exactly nine years from day that the Wall went up in Berlin. In those days, 1961, **Willy Brandt** was renowned as Berlin's "fighting anti-Communist mayor."

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LETTERS

Straight Story

The NATIONAL REVIEW, in its [July 28] issue, published a letter from Mr. E. R. Helfrich of Moline, Illinois, to Representative William R. Scherle of Iowa. Mr. Helfrich wrote:

"I read in the recent *National Review* Bulletin that you complained to officials of the National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities about the payment of \$750 to Aram Saroyan for the one-word poem: 'light.'

"I understand that the Foundation told you your 'middle American background made you unqualified to understand it.'"

To the best of my knowledge, no such exchange ever took place, nor in my opinion, is any such exchange conceivable. No official of the Foundation would denigrate the cultural background of a congressman.

MICHAEL STRAIGHT
Acting Chairman

National Foundation on the Arts
Washington, D.C. and Humanities

The story originated in Rep. Scherle's newsletter and was quoted in the FI-PO Newsletter. We thank Mr. Straight for his correction of the story, but we'd like to know: Isn't \$750 a helluva lot to pay for "light"?

—ED.

Many Thanks

After reading, rereading and rereading "They Also Serve," I wish to congratulate you on a very moving bit of writing about a subject that should make every American hang his head in shame. I consider it treason that our leaders do not allow our military to win that war, release those prisoners still alive, and dictate a just (from our viewpoint) peace.

Anderson, Calif.

W. A. CLINK

I am the wife of an Air Force officer held by the North Vietnamese, and I can say without reservation that your article on the POW/MIA problem is the finest I've read. But then—it really isn't so amazing that such factual, sympathetic coverage should emanate from *NR*, which once supported a man among whose primary goals was to obtain a complete accounting for prisoners held by North Korea. How unfortunate for our husbands that Joe McCarthy's gallant drone was silenced too soon.

Again, many thanks for a lovely, sensitive presentation of the plight of the prisoners and missing and their families.

MRS. KEVIN J. MCMANUS

Brightwaters, N.Y.

(Continues on page 1012)

DON'T WOLF IT DOWN.



There's a limit to how much you can enjoy a good Bourbon, and you know what it is. It's your limit, and once you go outside it, you can't appreciate our Bourbon or anyone else's. And since we take the time to age Beam's Choice for eight years, and the care to charcoal filter it, the least you can do is take the trouble to learn how to handle it.

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"REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!"

December 7th, 1941. No American has to be told what happened that day. It is a day seared into our memories. A day that followed a year of secret plotting, incredible treachery and false maneuvering by a government obsessed with destroying us.

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THE WEEK

■ “How to Catch a 747,” read the headline of a Pan Am ad running in the *Daily Star of Beirut*, two days after a Pan Am 747 was hijacked to Beirut, then to Cairo and then blown up. “The 747 is the finest specimen in the air,” the ad continued. “But oddly enough it’s becoming just about the easiest to catch. . . .”

■ Labor Day and no one works—except House Speaker John McCormack who delivered his Labor Day message accusing the Nixon Administration of promoting inflation, high unemployment and higher interest rates. Presumably, these three evils most affect the unfortunate laborers of America, which fact used to send them, wisely or not, running to the arms of Democrats such as Mr. McCormack. But where were 4,000 representatives of the Labor Movement on Labor Day? Why, at the White House, guests of the Nixon Administration. They were being entertained by Nixon the Republican, and not by the Democratic Party which, in the words of AFL-CIO President George Meany, has become the “party of the extremists.” So while the Speaker (Democrat) was out knocking Nixon (Republican), the fellows the Speaker was trying to speak to, who “believe in the American system,” were relaxing on the South Lawn. John would have been better off if he had stayed home and mowed the grass.

■ Poor Robert Strauss. Through an oversight, he was permitted to become national treasurer of the Democratic Party. He *is* a Democrat — but a Texas Democrat, a rather conservative Texas Democrat. Now he has the effrontery to want John Kenneth Galbraith (author of *Who Needs the Democrats?*) kicked off the Democratic Policy Council because his left-wing deviationism alienates a) middle-American voters and b) potential donors. Shame on Mr. Strauss, who knows perfectly well that Professor Galbraith is perfectly competent to serve on the Policy Council and at the same time lead his “Referendum ’70” movement, which seeks the defeat at the polls of such unsatisfactory Democrats as Sens. Henry Jackson and Gale McGee, Reps. John Rooney and Philip Philbin, and (should he win nomination) Hubert Humphrey.

■ Early this month a variety of metal objects came to earth in scattered areas of Oklahoma, Kansas and Texas. Examination proved these to be parts of a device, capable of control from the ground, that was launched last December by an SS-9 missile at the Soviet missile center, Tyuratam. The Pentagon believes this was a test of the Soviet fractional orbit bombardment system (FOBS),

but that some sort of error sent it into a high, eccentric orbit instead of keeping it in the comparatively low orbit planned for FOBS. Fortunately for the inhabitants of Oklahoma, Kansas and Texas, no nuclear warhead was mounted for this test run.

■ In the primaries last week: In Florida G. Harrold Carswell, smarting from that Supreme Court defeat, sought the Republican nomination for senator. Mr. Carswell, who sounded unconvincing all along and turned doveish near the end, lost again. Conservative Congressman William C. Cramer, an old Nixon friend, soundly defeated him. In Arkansas former Governor Orval Faubus was running for governor again. He has a much younger wife, having divorced his first wife of 37 years last year, to woo all those younger voters. Voters weren’t wooed though, and now Orval and the little younger lady won’t be able to honeymoon in the Governor’s house. Instead Dale Bumpers, a political unknown who was victor in the runoff, will go it against Governor Winthrop Rockefeller, who is seeking his third term. Up North, former Governor Philip Hoff easily beat two opponents in the Vermont senatorial primary. Hoff faces Republican incumbent Winston L. Prouty in November. And publisher William Loeb’s man, Mildrim Thomson, seems (as we go to press) to have lost a hard fight in New Hampshire.

■ After the eighth robbery-murder of a taxi driver this year, Mayor John Lindsay struck back boldly by ordering that all taxicabs be provided with welded-in strongboxes, keys to which will be held by dispatchers, not drivers. That way, says hizzoner, we’ll “take the profit out of robbing taxi drivers.” Profit, like murder, is a dirty word—but never mind, never mind, chalk it up as a Tiny Triumph, and file it under “Liberalism Discovers the Marketplace.”

■ Georgia State Representative Julian Bond, speaking on patriotism before the Congress of African People in Atlanta: “We must reaffirm that we are first and foremost black nationals. And we must reject this stupid idea of patriotism that has made us first in war, last in peace and last in the hearts of our countrymen.”

■ An *NR* reader writes: “Enclosed you will find a copy of this year’s Captive Nations Week Proclamation, issued

El Al Gets Through

Of the four attempted hijackings by Palestinian guerrillas on September 6 only the one of an Israeli El Al jet was frustrated—News Item

For the folks who feel the Bible
Smacks of hokum, cant and libel,
I submit today’s Israeli
Verifies the Good Book, daily.

W. H. VON DREELE

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To Work
For You.



Ludwig von Mises



F. A. Hayek



Henry Hazlitt

"It rests with men whether they will make the proper use of the rich treasure with which this knowledge (of economic science) provides them..."—Dr. Ludwig von Mises, **HUMAN ACTION** (Henry Regnery & Co., publishers).



The Rickenbacker Report
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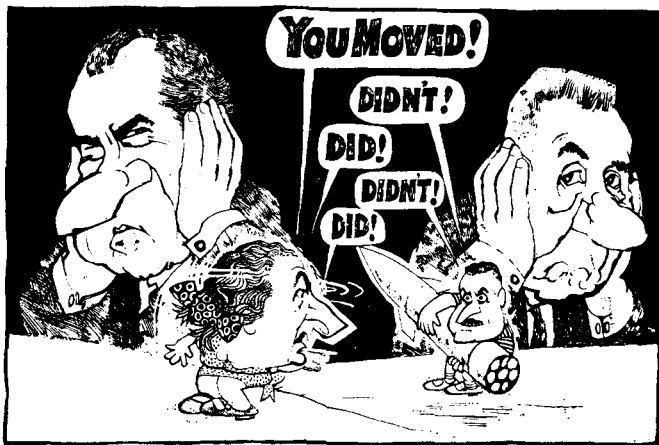
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Trog, *London Daily Mail*

Ben Roth Agency

by the President of the United States. This proclamation is an insult to all freedom-loving Americans and all the peoples suffering behind the Iron Curtain. There is no mention in this proclamation of the subjugator, the captor, the repressive Communist policies—there is no mention even of the word ‘Communist’ or of the Soviet Union. As a strong supporter of President Nixon, I hoped that we would see forceful pronouncements in the field of foreign relations and a strategic shift in foreign policy. The Congress did not anticipate this sort of proclamation when it passed the original resolution calling for a Captive Nations Week in July of each year.”

■ “An unseemly fascination with youth,” wrote Theopompus in the third century B.C., “is the surest sign of old age.” Comes now Grandpa Larry O’Brien, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, to prove the point again. The Democrats just gotta make themselves attractive to Youth, he told the Special Subcommittee on Youth Participation of the (wheeze!) McGovern Commission on Party Structure and Delegate Selection. How? By demanding instant bugout in Vietnam, because, heh-heh, “the cause of peace is patriotic,” and by promising that nothing like Chicago ’68 will ever happen again because “violent repression of dissent . . . cannot be tolerated in our society—any more than violent dissent can be tolerated,” which leaves a large grey area called violent repression of violent dissent, but never mind, “Let us then dream for them” because, by gosh, “‘Attention,’ cried Willy Loman’s wife as she watched her salesman inch toward his death, ‘attention *must be paid!*’” To whom — Youth, or the Democrats, one of which seems to be inching toward death? Poor Larry-Willy: He’s not well-liked. He’s not even liked.

■ “If I were to choose another career, it would be something in the field of law enforcement. There’s too much permissiveness . . . Rapists and sex deviates go to jail for six months and then they’re released. Sometimes they’re not kept in a jail until they murder somebody. Living in a day and age when we call police ‘pigs,’ I think we’re sick. If I saw my kids do that I’d take a baseball bat and hit them over the head.” The unexpected author of these sentiments is actress Debbie Reynolds, interviewed during

a recent visit to Indianapolis by our lucky-stiff friend M. Stanton Evans.

■ The Ripon Society has had a group necktie designed, and describes it in the Society’s magazine, *Forum*: “A British firm is preparing the design using the crest of Ripon, England, a lovely cathedral town from which Ripon, Wisconsin, the birthplace of the Republican Party, took its name.” They have a great feeling for their American roots, that is.

■ Grace Slick of the Jefferson Airplane is pregnant, with no help from her husband, and guess what she’s going to call the baby? Well, with a name like Grace we know she’s into that religion thing, so it’s really not very strange that she’s going to call her baby God. Which name will also prove wrong those theologians who said God is dead when instead he’ll only be Slick.

■ They’re right up to date at Ithaca College, yessiree! Incoming Freshmen have just received a letter from the Orientation Chairman, announcing that “Beanies, Freshman Slogans and Class Sings have been done away with.” Instead, “we will try to present you with an honest picture of Ithaca College, a view of some contemporary issues which will affect you during the next four years, and a chance to learn about yourself and others.” To which end(s), every incomer is required to read, yes, *Soul on Ice* by Eldridge Cleaver (“please pay attention to the section entitled ‘On Becoming’”) and *The Making of a Counter Culture* by Theodore Rozsak.

■ When fearless Charlie Goodell takes a stand, he really takes it. Speaking out on women’s rights before the ladies of Manhattan’s Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, he boldly declared that “divorce laws should be reformed,” but then hastened to add: “I’m not against marriage or the family.”

Fidel Was Glad

When President Eduardo Frei’s Christian Democratic coalition was swept into office six years ago in Chile it was touted as the major victory of John F. Kennedy’s then touted Alliance for Progress. This was precisely the kind of liberal-progressive mildly socialist government that the Think Tankers of the New Frontier prescribed for Latin America. And Frei was very nearly as good as his election promises. He started to nationalize the American copper companies that are the mainstay of Chile’s economy; he started a land reform that resettled thousands of peasants on farms of their own; he built schools, dams and roads. He moved Chile a notch upwards educationally and economically.

But apparently not fast enough to satisfy the Chileans. When they went to the polls last week they opted, by a very small margin to be sure (39,000 out of three million votes), for Dr. Salvador Allende, the Marxist candi-

If you are a student

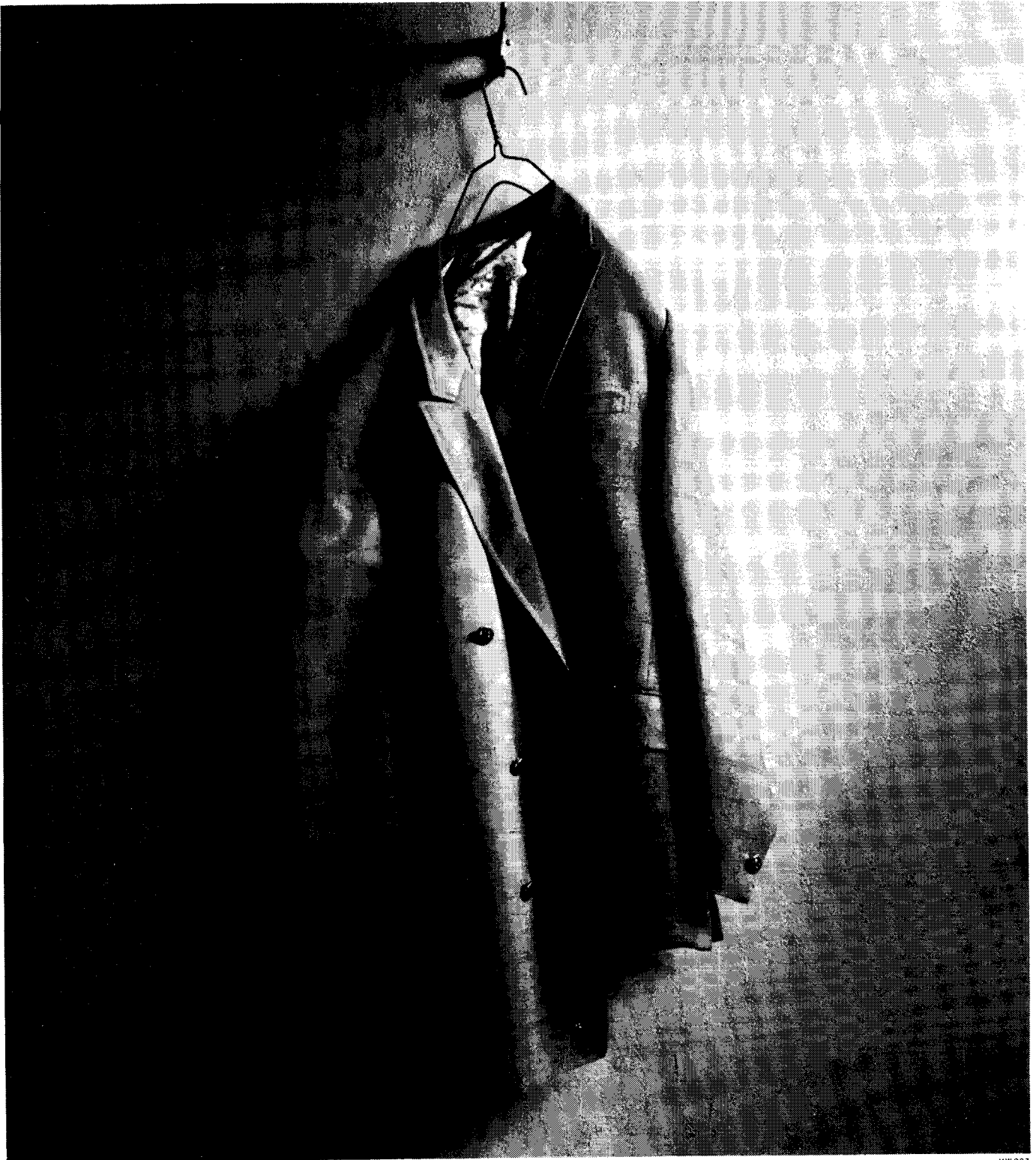
(or the parent of a college-bound student)
please take a moment now to answer
Yes-or-No
to these simple questions:

YES NO

- | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|---|
| ☐ | ☐ | Do you think that there will be more campus bloodshed this academic year? |
| ☐ | ☐ | Do you think campus radicals have gone too far? |
| ☐ | ☐ | Would you like your research project (a whole term's work) destroyed in an explosion?
(Assume you were working on your project at the time.) |
| ☐ | ☐ | Would you enjoy being threatened when you try to attend classes during a boycott? |
| ☐ | ☐ | Do you agree with the liberal press in its support of campus lawlessness? |
| ☐ | ☐ | Are you alarmed by increased drug use among college students? |
| ☐ | ☐ | Are you tired of college administrators who capitulate to the demands of student radicals? |
| ☐ | ☐ | Do you think that a minority of the student population has the right to dictate when a university should suspend classes? |
| ☐ | ☐ | Are you agreed that students need a reliable source of information to tell them what is going on? |
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Nobody has asked us to try to make coat hangers for them yet. But we've filled special requirements

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date of a united front that included the well-disciplined Chilean Communist Party (to the left of which Allende described himself as standing). It was the Communist strength, organization and enterprise that brought on Allende's surprise victory although not quite his election. Under the Chilean constitution, when a Presidential candidate gets less than a majority of the votes, it is up to the Congress to choose the new President from the two leading candidates. But in the past the Congress has always picked the number one man. Though there is considerable backroom negotiating going on, chances are that on November 4 it will be Dr. Allende who takes over for the next six years.

This is the first time on this Hemisphere that a Marxist candidate who did nothing to soft-pedal his Marxist program has been elected to office. And there are many in high places both in Latin America and in Washington who think it quite possible that within three years Chile will be a totalitarian Communist state. Dr. Allende's program calls for the nationalization of all basic industry (as a matter of fact much of it is already nationalized), a crackdown on U.S. "imperialist" business interests in Chile; a radical land reform program that would put the peasants in large cooperatives on the Soviet and Cuban pattern rather than give them individual farms; nationalization of the banks, and the removal of Chile's major capitalist, Agustin Edward, from control of most of the Chilean newspapers (i.e., censorship). Dr. Allende also proposes to do away with the bicameral Congress and to replace it by a "People's Assembly" that would also reorganize the court system. He says he will recognize the Soviet Union and all its satellites and enter into diplomatic and trade agreements with Fidel Castro who was, needless to say, absolutely delighted at Allende's win.

How come that a state as politically stable as Chile could vote in a government that will at the very least turn it sharply left, possibly all the way to Communism? Among other things because, as one reporter put it, "Frei tried to raise standards and he succeeded in raising expectations." The young intellectuals coming out of the Marxist-controlled universities, both Catholic and lay, weren't ready to wait to bring about changes

by traditional political means. The Christian Democratic Party which had been founded as a bulwark against Communism in the 1930s is now fractured, with at least one wing inspired by revolutionary priests who are to the left of Allende himself. The Right was fragmented. Its candidate, former President Jorge Alessandri Rodriguez, ran as an independent. And the Communists knew what they were doing. It took them over a year but they finally were able to stitch together a winning popular front ticket with Dr. Allende's Socialists, that included the main body of the Radical Party, the Christian Democratic dissidents and other leftist fragments. It is the first successful popular front operation in thirty-odd years. Moscow, like Fidel, was delighted.

How To Stop Hijacking

Well, it seems everyone complains about aircraft hijacking but nobody does anything about it. That must mean the hijackees don't really want to do anything about it, or at any rate don't want to badly enough. Because aircraft hijacking can be stopped if the relevant parties—the airlines whose planes are seized and the governments of registry—decide to stop it.

Consider. The bulk of international air transport is carried by the airlines of seven nations: the United States, Britain, France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium and the Soviet Union. In fact, with Italy and Belgium out, it would still leave an overwhelming percentage of international traffic in the hands of the five remaining. The airlines are either outright government agencies or, in their international operations, under government control.

Suppose these seven governments, or just the five, made the following joint declaration: 1) The government of the territory on which a hijacked plane lands must, in shortest time feasible from a purely technical standpoint, permit the plane to take off for the country of registry with all crew and passengers, and with the hijackers also on board under suitable restraint, and must furnish or arrange for whatever fuel, other supplies and technical aid may be required for this purpose. 2) A failure to fulfill this obligation will be followed immediately by an absolute primary and secondary air boycott: no aircraft of the delinquent nation will be permitted to enter or leave the territory or airspace of the subscribing powers; no aircraft of the subscribing powers will be permitted to enter the territory of the delinquent nation; this primary boycott will be extended immediately to any aircraft of any other nation in the world that permits any of its planes to land in the delinquent nation or any planes of the delinquent nation to enter or leave its territory.

Granted the existing organization of global transport, it would be impossible for any nation to defy such a boycott for any length of time. For a short period there might be a hijacking or two, but if experience showed that the boycott was going to be enforced, the delinquent nations would have to accept its terms and enforce them within their territory. There would then be nothing to gain from hijacking, and certainty that any hijacker would be caught

See Senator Mondale

Minnesota, where the only
Tension comes from feeling lonely,
Has a man who's going dippy
Integrating Mississippi;
Cannot *stand* to see a school house,
Toilet, swimming pool or tool house
Which is not authenticated
Black-and-white-and-integrated.
Funny Mr. Mondale! If he
Has to do it in a jiffy,
I shall lobby for a quota,
Air-express, to Minnesota.

W. H. VON DREELE

and tried according to the laws of the nation against which the hijacking had been committed. Conceivably an occasional psychopath might still stage a hijack, but the odds would be endurable, and psychopaths usually lose interest when a fad is no longer in fashion.

Actually it would not matter if the Soviet Union did not join the original boycott group. Moscow is determined to keep pushing Aeroflot's already vastly expanded international routes. If the secondary boycott were really clamped down, Soviet planes would be excluded at least from non-Communist nations, and non-Communist planes from Soviet territory. Under the circumstances the Soviet Union would not hold out. Moreover, there have been several hijackings of Communist planes lately, and Moscow might be glad to come along from the start.

Cuba would be no problem. The boycott would stop all Cuban planes from landing in any other country, and would cancel the Aeroflot, Air France, Iberian, Mexican and the other planes that now stop in Cuba. This would be much too high a price for Castro, who seems rather fed up with hijacking anyway.

To the idea of the boycott there is one major politico-moral objection. It would mean a non-Communist country would be required to return an anti-Communist defector who hijacked a Communist plane. This is a harsh and repugnant consequence. But the human, economic and political cost of aircraft hijacking is getting so high and could become so catastrophic that stopping it seems to justify even this ugly byproduct. By its very nature, air transport is supremely vulnerable to piracy, even though there may be a very small number of pirates. The defectors would have to use other means of exit.

The primary plus secondary boycott plan would cure the hijacking epidemic. There would be complications and the need for some changes in extradition and other international rules, but, since the airlines are all subject to governmental control, the plan could be instituted by simple fiat of the five governments or of the four Western governments acting on their own.

It could be, but it probably won't be: That is because, for all their indignant public talk, the governments and the airlines have other, and they apparently judge more important, fish to fry. They are not willing to face the diplomatic trouble and economic losses enforcement of the boycott might bring—though if its first phase were successfully surmounted, the trouble and loss might well turn into a solid net gain; after all, the trouble and loss are rising rather fast without a boycott.

So they are going to keep plugging along the technical path, with new magnetometers and personality profiles and electronic sniffers and other gadgets they hope will let them catch the hijackers before the jacking. The gadgets are said to be getting better, but we have an idea that human beings are smarter than gadgets, so that gadgets are never likely to be a very sure protection. Meanwhile it looks like a certain percentage of us is going to continue to be hijacked, in circumstances not a little unpleasant for some of us. Wonder when the first Weatherman or Black Panther hijacking will take place. And will they demand Richard Nixon in exchange for their hostages?

Nixon's Outer South Strategy

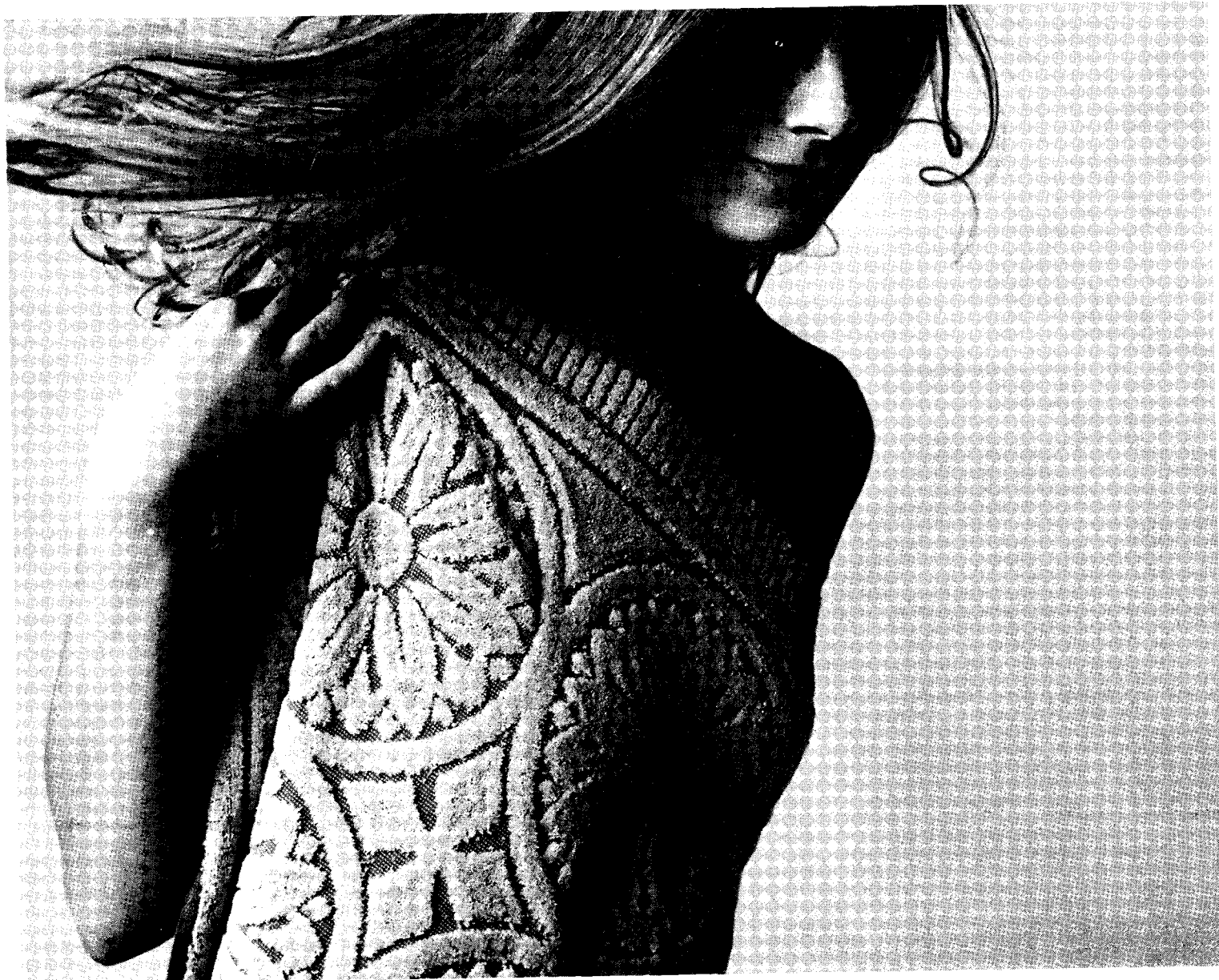
The Nixon Administration no doubt startled some of its supporters by its desegregation moves in the South during the past few weeks. After months of ambiguity, of anti-busing rhetoric, of Presidential statements to the effect that quality of education was the primary consideration, and so forth, bang, the Justice Department filed suit against recalcitrant districts and good old HEW insisted on plans from others for instant desegregation. This fall 543 school districts in eleven Southern states are scheduled to desegregate for the first time.

The entire business, to begin with, is a legal nightmare. No one now knows whether an all-black school is, *per se*, "unconstitutional." And if it is, no one knows, in some cases, what can possibly be done about it. In the Charlotte, N.C. Federal Court, District Judge James B. McMillan ordered massive busing to produce a 30-70 black-white ratio in each and every school, no doubt deriving those precise figures from his very own ouija board. But the United States Court of Appeals disagreed, and endorsed the Nixon Administration's "rule of reason," whatever that means: the issue is on its way to the Supreme Court. In one perspective, the whole thing has become a Guaranteed Annual Income and Federal Anti-Poverty Program for lawyers, anyway.

Politically, however, the Administration's moves are fascinating. First of all, talk of a Nixon "Southern Strategy" has all along been imprecise. Both in 1968 and at the present time Nixon has been pursuing what can best be called an "Outer South Strategy." The calculation goes as follows. You cannot contest George Wallace for the Deep South (La., Miss., Ala., Ga. and S.C.) and still carry enough other states to win. Thus, in 1964, Goldwater could get only the hard Dixiecrat constituency. But you can carry the Outer South (Fla., Va., N.C., Tenn., Ark. and Tex.) and still sweep the national moderate-right and center vote. The conclusion is inescapable. In a choice between Deep South and moderate right-center, the Deep South has to be written off.

Second, in holding this largest slice of the electorate, moves toward desegregation would be safe enough so long as they fell visibly short of what might be expected from a Democratic Administration. On this issue there would be a dime's worth of difference between the parties, but not necessarily fifteen cents' worth. In the Outer South, Wallace could be fought off by Agnew, as in 1968, and by all sorts of gestures: Carswell, Haynesworth, etc. And anyway, outside the Deep South, the Negro problem is only one issue among many: what is lost on the desegregation issue can very likely be made up by something like order on the campus, where the Democrats are paralyzed. Finally, there is the cynical-realistic point, confirmed by all past experience, that the desegregated schools will soon be resegregated again anyway, so what difference does it make?

The recent desegregation measures, finally, reflect a



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"Say, isn't that Jane Fonda?"

distinctly bullish mood in the Administration. The conventional wisdom has it that the Wallace threat keeps Nixon from moving too far to the left—and this is true, but only within limits. Nixon cannot move *too* far, but the temptation to inch leftward is very strong in view of the disarray of the Democrats. Since Nixon has written off the Deep South, and since he has no serious liberal opponent on the national scene, why not hold on to the moderate right and center while moving just enough to the left to pick up a substantial number of detachable moderate liberals, and so fashion a 1972 victory of Eisenhowerian proportions?

The Choice Before Us

The New York Times on October 1, 1972, rewards Richard Nixon for trying harder (an editorial we sure hope not to have to read):

In many respects the past four years, after an inauspicious beginning, have turned into a pleasant surprise. We looked forward to a Nixon-Agnew Administration with the gravest of reservations, and during the first eighteen months all of our fears seemed to be confirmed. Agnew toured the land appealing to the darkest forces in American life; the cause of equal rights was muffled, if not entirely forgotten; the Cambodian invasion seemed to signal a revival of militarism; the Administration squandered funds on the ABM and the SST. But wiser heads eventually prevailed, and the next two years might almost be characterized as progressive.

President Nixon showed considerable courage in accepting a Communist victory in South Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia and Thailand, and his restraint in the situation that followed the recent Italian elections was indeed statesmanlike. Nor do we have anything but praise for his decision to send tanks to integrate the schools of Denver, Colorado. His reform of the welfare system, though it did not go nearly far enough, was a praiseworthy first step. Finally, we applaud his decision at the Repub-

lican Convention to join the "Dump Agnew" forces and replace him with the far more enlightened Walter Hickel.

Nevertheless, the Edmund Muskie-Edward Kennedy ticket promises bolder and more innovative leadership as we move into the mid-1970s. Nixon's measures, progressive though they were, are now behind us, and it is difficult to believe that a second Nixon Administration would possess the creativity necessary for the much more far-reaching steps that must be taken as we complete the unfinished agenda of American democracy. And so, despite our gratitude for much that Mr. Nixon has accomplished in his transitional Administration, we enthusiastically endorse the candidacy of Senators Muskie and Kennedy.

Holding

The Mideast situation has got so tangled up in the hijacking confusion that it's hard to keep track of what is going on. The central fact, however, is clear enough: the cease-fire, with minor interruptions, holds. This means that the four principals—Israel, the UAR, the United States and the Soviet Union—continue to want the fighting to cool off or are being compelled to behave as if they did.

Meanwhile all-out propaganda rages. Tel Aviv accuses Cairo of cheating on the cease-fire; Washington first hedges and then agrees, though doesn't make public the evidence of the reconnaissance photographs. Cairo accuses Israel of cheating, and Moscow backs Cairo though without specification. And no one has yet stated just what the terms of the cease-fire were to begin with.

What it amounts to is that Cairo and Tel Aviv are both trying to put maximum pressure on their backers to get more weapons and improve their actual military positions either within the possible ambiguities of the cease-fire terms or by blustering out what violations they can get away with. Natural enough. Still, the cease-fire holds, and while the propaganda may cover for another round of fighting it is also covering preparations, by both sides, of the proposals and demands with which they can begin the initial stage of bargaining.

Tush, Tush, Ochs

Washington's press corps is buzzing with talk of an ugly letter sent to columnist William S. White on August 27 by Martin Ochs, editor of the *Chattanooga Times* and grandson of the original he-who of the *New York Times*.

White is an old *Times* man himself, a graying veteran regarded by his colleagues as one of the most decent men in Washington. A survey by the Copley papers recently ranked his column among the four fairest in the land. Last month White tested the pulse of the Tennessee senatorial election, and found Albert Gore failing. In one of his typical moderate, unsensational columns, White gave Gore credit for sincerity but found the Senator's antiwar

liberalism out of touch with contemporary Tennessee.

The piece seemed fair enough to observers here, but when the copy hit Chattanooga Ochs shot out of his bottle like a first schlurp of ketchup. He fired off a "Dear Bill" letter denouncing the column as unfair. He was going to "not run it" as he had not run others. Then came the threat: Lemme tell you, said Ochs, that if you write one more such column—just one more—I'll cancel you. I'm not suggesting what you do, but I'm telling you what I'm going to do. Hail and farewell, Martin.

Now, no one questions Ochs' absolute prerogative to buy and to cancel editorial features, and to run what he pleases on his own page. And if Ochs' letter of August 27 had been a private and personal communication, man to man, nothing might have been said. But what has eyebrows flapping in the autumn breeze is that Ochs sent carbon copies of his letter to John Oakes of the parent *New York Times*; to Eugene Patterson, m.e. of the *Washington Post* (White's forum in the capitol); to Newbold Noyes, editor of the *Washington Star* (and also president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors), and to Norman Seigenthaler, editor of the *Nashville Tennessean*.

Why the carbon copies? Intimidation? Suppression? In any event, the incident has evoked some fond recollections of Spiro Agnew at Montgomery; and it has reminded White that in Tennessee, as elsewhere, it makes a difference whose Ochs is Gored.

Republicans and Hard Hats

The New York senatorial race rapidly shakes down to a two-man contest between Conservative James Buckley and Democrat Richard Ottinger, while the nominal Republican candidate, Charles Goodell, seems to be running backwards. Says Nelson Rockefeller, Goodell's running-mate on the official ticket, whose relations with Goodell could at the most be described as aloof: "Charlie looked very strong four or five months ago, but now he has problems."

Goodell now finds himself rejected as a renegade by most state Republican regulars. The party organizations in five important New York counties—Queens, the Bronx, Nassau, Suffolk and Onondaga—have declined to work for him. Sidney Hein, Republican leader of Queens, sums up the prevailing sentiment when he says that the county organizations are "not doing anything to damage him but are not helping him either." And in one county, Franklin, the GOP organization has officially endorsed Buckley.

In Albany, four legislators have already endorsed Buckley, ten are expected to follow suit soon, and a vast majority of the others are declaring themselves neutral. Senate Majority Leader Earl W. Brydges of Niagara Falls is reported to be unenthusiastic about Goodell and Assembly Speaker Perry B. Duryea Jr. of Montauk, a powerful figure in Republican state politics, has declined to name a favorite in the Senate race. And in Washington, according to a *New York Times* survey, only two of New York

City's fifteen Republican congressmen, both of them from Manhattan, are expected to stick with Goodell.

At the moment, then, Buckley seems likely to capture most of the votes of Republican Party loyalists. To win, however, he will also need the help of breakaway Democrats, primarily those blue-collar workers who are fed up with peaceniks, draft dodgers and rioters. A lot of this vote will come from upstate industrial cities such as Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo where, in normal times, the Democratic candidate could expect the votes to fall automatically into his lap. But Richard Ottinger's frantic attempts to board the peace-and-youth-at-any-price bandwagon have hurt him badly among the blue-collar voters. At the Flagship Hotel in Rochester, candidate Buckley brought his audience to its feet when he praised the rank and file of labor, whose concern for the nation was "so movingly demonstrated last May when the hard hats marched down Wall Street 150,000 strong to demonstrate their love of country." And in Syracuse, where Buckley was mobbed by well wishers, a poll conducted at the state fair showed him leading all Senate candidates with 42 per cent of the vote. Ottinger took 36 per cent, Goodell 22 per cent.

"We're with you, Jim," said one iron worker when Buckley recently put on a hard hat and toured Manhattan's World Trade Center. "You got our vote all the way." If so, there'll soon be a Conservative senator in Washington.

The New Constitution

Even without looking, one can say with confidence that there are bound to be proposals of merit in the new Constitution drafted by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, sometimes referred to as Robert Hutchins' tax-exempt zoo. Granted, there is the bias: Robert Hutchins surrounds himself with unreconstructed New Dealers, and civil libertarians who do not know the one about not shouting fire in a crowded theater. That, and the absolutely unmatchable cultural elitism of Mr. Hutchins himself, and you dig the general approach of his new Constitution.

There are those, most prominently Michael Oakeshott of England, whose analysis of Rationalism in Politics is a withering assertion of the futility of attempting, as he put it, "to make politics as the crow flies." Still . . . there is room for paradigmatic political literature, and in any case the temptation has gripped the giants from time immemorial, beginning with Solon, Moses and Plato, going through Rousseau, and not ending with Hutchins.

So, our advice is against tossing away what the Hutchins people came up with merely because it was they who came up with it. If we were given the choice of our present instrument, and Mr. Hutchins', sight unseen we would opt for the former, if only because it is the result of organic growth plus, to be sure, Earl Warren. But Mr. Hutchins' ideas are worth speculating on (just for instance, his in-

sight that the adversary process in the law has outlived its usefulness). And we propose, in a future issue, to discuss these points amiably.

VTL: An American for all Seasons

In general, the trouble is that football seduces us by appealing to feelings that the modern intellectual has learned to scorn—and which much of the nation is now beginning to question . . . it makes respectable the most primitive feelings about violence, patriotism, manhood.

“A Season in the Stands” by William Phillips,
Commentary, July 1969

Writing of football little more than a season ago (as our seducers measure time), the chairman of the editorial board of *Partisan Review* confessed the pro version of the game to be “the intellectuals’ secret vice” and went on to indulge himself in a critical examination of his favorite team, the New York Giants. “Like the nation as a whole,” Mr. Phillips dolefully concluded, “the Giants give the impression that while everything is there, something is missing.”

It is doubtful that Vince Lombardi ever read the Phillips critique, though it concerned the game to which he dedicated the major portion of his 57 seasons, as well as the team he served as an assistant coach before moving on to Middle America to establish his legend. Then again, he may have, for contrary to the fixed image of The Football Coach held, indeed enjoyed, by many intellectuals (vice-ridden or otherwise), Lombardi’s was a brilliant, inquisitive mind that, as far back as his magna cum laude days at Fordham, worked with more than X’s and O’s and game plans and scouting reports.

If we did read it, however, more than likely his reaction to the writer’s pejorative comparison of the State of the Nation/Giants was one of those abrupt, sulfurous expletives that Jerry Kramer describes in *Instant Replay*: first, because Lombardi was not a man to be faked out by verbal floss; but more importantly, because of the man’s personal vision of his country, one illuminated by what intellectuals of the Old Left and their hip ideological progeny are inclined these latter seasons to reject outright as “early American ethic.”

Yet we (that is, those still among us who consider patriotism respectable) owe Mr. Phillips a debt. By his intellectual correlation of the Game of Football and the Game of Life, he makes it easier to pull the Lombardi legend off the Sunday afternoon screen and project it onto the larger canvas it deserves: a Coach, yes, but in the no-win seasons of the Sixties, a vintage American winner; in the autumns of indecision, a man to reassure us that our doleful intellectual compatriots are wrong—that given faith, pride, discipline, loyalty, inspiration, second effort . . . all things are possible.

“*Know ye not,*” he once seduced his Green Bay ball club before a crucial game, “*that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain*”: early Corinthian ethic. In the America of Vince Lombardi’s vision, everything was there for the obtaining. His game will greatly miss his primitive virtues; his countrymen even more.

VICTOR GOLD

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Sir,

Although you and I have many significant ideological differences, I have always somewhat admired you for your rather unusual ability to remain dignified in times of stress (overlooking your comment to Vidal on television in 1968). However, I am distressed to find some of your qualities sorely absent in the person of your sibling (I refer of course to little Jimmy). Not only that, but, and this may seem a rather picayune point because it is, I find the antithesis to your exquisite smile in his devious Iago-like grin. Please sir, should we be spared by an act of the Lord and should Jimmy be defeated in November, will you promise me that should that quaint little party of authoritarians ever decide to run him again for office, you will graciously and mercifully step in as a substitute? You see, you are the only conservative I have ever been able to stomach, whose only flaw is a dominating superego and a mind that never quite felt secure with freedom. Sincerely,

Robert Paul Lamb

P.S. I have no doubts that this letter will never reach you, and, if it should, that you will laugh it off, but it is 4:00 A.M., I’m flying on hash, and there simply is nothing better to do.

Dear Mr. Lamb: My brother is much better when you’re not stoned. Try him. There is nothing better to do.

Best,

WFB

■ *Ingersollism lives on, and is doing very nicely at the hands of the octogenarian Mr. Worthing . . .*

Dear Mr. Buckley,

Without too frequently agreeing with what you say, I always enjoy your column, even as I do Spiro’s fulminations which possibly or even probably are the smoke rising from some speechwriter’s midnight-oil lamp.

Anyway, there is something I feel I must, with the help of whatever gods there be, get off my octogenarian thorax.

I am sure you enjoyed “Why Hair Has Become a Four-Letter Word” and I can readily understand why you did

not name the source, wisely refraining from boosting the circulation of Ralph Ginzburg's magazine. Or course, some of its contents is usually worth while, but we don't want to give people ideas such as Auden's recent poem on the glories of fellatio might arouse. There are plenty of sex nonconformists—if that's what they are—around already. As for me, I have always been a simple-minded but firm believer in heterosexuality, with due regard, of course, for the problems of overpopulation.

Now as to hair. Superficially one might think the styles a matter of fashion, as it was affected for instance by the cavaliers. But there are deeper reasons. There are hair-manics as treated in detail by a now forgotten writer, Otto von Hartleben. Perhaps due to the fact that, except for the eye, hair has or may have an almost fluid mobility. Perhaps because the portions of the body eminently sprouting hair also exude oils which—Liz Arden to the contrary—are erogenic.

Then, there are historical angles. You have never seen a portrait of Jeshua Bar Miriam with a crew cut, have you? Remember, too, that after Mary Magdalene bathed His feet, she dried them in the most loving manner, with her long hair. As for St. Paul, the man was a confused—possibly epileptic—misogynist who anticipated the world to end presently, which idea rendered reproduction unnecessary and senseless. Nor was he alone in his mixed-up philosophy; a while later, St. Augustine, who had in his healthier days prayed, "Give me chastity but not yet," expressed his contempt of the female of the species roundaboutly by stating, "We are born between urine and feces." A fine saint, I'll say.

The early Christians, insisting on the superimportance of the soul (whatever that is) had contempt for the body; it is unlikely that the barbers of the first centuries made much money out of them. They were and remained unredeemed barbarians, which they proved later when in power, by destroying all things of beauty that had been made in the days of Greece and Rome. They were a disorderly unmannered lot who refused to salute the flag—or rather, Caesar's image—and assembled and demonstrated without ever bothering to get a police permit. In a word, they were a damned nuisance, upsetting every decent and sensible citizen in a cultured society built on law and order as no later one has been.

They never tired of attacking and insulting the establishment, and when they got slapped down, they announced insanely that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." As a matter of fact, they proved a steadier pain in Rome's neck than the Jews who remained totally unmanageable until their city of Jerusalem was leveled and its population dispersed.

Naturally, Christian tradition is silent about the way its early adherents carried on. Like our longhairs, they no doubt engaged in vandalism as much as they could and were a danger when Constantine "the Great" found it expedient to make a deal with them (somewhat in the manner in which Sihanouk worked with the Communists). They edited history carefully. According to them, they

had always been the poor harmless persecuted victims of the heartless rich.

So after a while, a bunch of them were thrown to the lions who must have had a hard time digesting them, and some were burned in the circus. I suspect that the Roman claim that these obstreperous characters had burned Rome (which was full of tall wooden apartment houses) is true and the Christian account is not. It is ridiculous to believe that Nero who was a thoroughly civilized man and whose dying words were "what an artist dies in me!" secretly ran around the town with a torch in one hand and a Stradivarius in the other. Those boys were simply a lot of hippies who could give our kids cards and spades.

As there always were and are more fools than wise men, more crooks than honest men, and more dirty than clean people, the majority won out, proclaiming that the people's will is God's will. All very fine for democracy, but no matter how you slice it, it's still baloney.

Sincerely, John Worthing

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Perhaps you may shed some light on what has been concerning me for some time. I shall attempt to present my problem as simply as is possible.

I fancy myself as a liberal, a Leftist, at times a Radical. Yet. . . . Last year, for the mere hell of it, I took a subscription to your magazine. To compare, I said.

I have been for some time a great fan of Gore Vidal. I supported many leftist movements. I never marched, rioted, or overtly protested, however. Yet my sympathy was with those who did. I was all set for "The Revolution."

But something about your magazine intrigued me. I found myself . . . how shall I say it . . . enjoying it! I mean, I actually *waited* each week for my copy of NATIONAL REVIEW to arrive! I thought, naw! this can't be.

So I let my subscription run out. And then the pleas began to come in. I ignored them. At least, *I thought* I ignored them. They came. Again and again. Soon I found myself browsing through NATIONAL REVIEW on the newsstand. Again the pleas came in. Sweat formed on my forehead. I closed my eyes! I resisted! But it overcame me! I RENEWED MY SUBSCRIPTION!

So now I am getting the magazine every week again. And so now I am enjoying the magazine every week. And too now I am finding my sympathies and opinions changing.

Please, Mr. Buckley, does this mean I am . . . uh . . . (*I can't say it!*) . . . Conservative?? Can you help me??

Anxiously,

XRC1200E 030N 26 061

(Edward J. Zagorski)

■ Let it be known that I have deposited ten copies of *NR* into eager hands in the USSR. Best,

Gregg Gerton

P.S.—Win In Vietnam

—WFB



A FILIBUSTER IN THE WORKS?

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

A major battle is shaping up in the Senate over the direct-election-of-the-President amendment. In early August opponents of direct election were certain they had the votes to block the Bayh amendment, with its controversial plan for a runoff. But the Bayh proposal is drawing renewed support from both Republicans and Democrats backing a modification drawn up by Senators Robert Griffin (R., Mich.) and Joseph Tydings (D., Md.). Opponents of direct election now feel their chances are slimmer.

Some of the votes on the Bayh amendment will be *pro forma*. Neither proponents nor opponents believe the plan stands a chance in its present form. Senate sources report, though, that Bayh is willing to accept emendation of his plan in order to get it through. The Griffin-Tydings amendment provides for an automatic return to the Electoral College system in the event that no candidate receives more than 40 per cent of the vote in a direct election.

According to opponents of Griffin-Tydings, the problem with the plan is that it does not improve on the difficulties of the direct-election proposal, but merely provides for an instant distribution of electoral votes (not of electors) on a percentage basis within each state. Opponents contend that the measure is constitutionally unsound and too much of a stopgap measure designed to salvage direct election.

The real fight will be over the Bayh amendment as modified by Griffin-Tydings. Plans like the Dole-Eagleton amendment, which is more acceptable in that it would maintain much of the Electoral College tradition, may not even be put before the Senate, since they have aroused little enthusiasm. The Katzenbach plan, however, will be offered, either as an amendment to the Bayh proposal or as a separate amendment on its own. The Katzenbach plan provides for abolition of individual

electors and automatic assignment of states' electoral votes.

Senator Sam Ervin (D., N.C.) is leading the opposition to the Bayh amendment. Ervin believes there is a potential for chaos in the direct election proposals as now drafted. He will be watching the vote on the Katzenbach proposal for an indication of just how much support the Griffin-Tydings amendment to the basic Bayh amendment will have. If the Katzenbach proposal loses by five or six votes, as it well may, then Griffin-Tydings will probably carry. Only a simple majority is needed to amend an amendment.

One source close to opponents of Bayh-cum-Griffin-Tydings put it this way: "Bayh and Griffin are two of the hardest gut fighters in the Senate, so we have our work cut out for us. They are both very low key and for that reason they do more than they seem to be doing. Griffin is a master of making other members of the Senate feel that what is really a capitulation is a compromise."

Because of the potentially close vote on the modified Bayh proposal, opponents are reassessing their strategy. If the Katzenbach proposal fails, opponents will consider a filibuster. Senator James Eastland (D., Miss.), Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, has been making a discreet head-count of how much support, active and passive, a filibuster would have.

Talk of filibuster has been in the air for some time, but it has been discounted by such opponents of direct election as Ervin and Roman Hruska (R., Neb.). For some months, Strom Thurmond (R., S.C.) had thought a filibuster would be necessary. To make his point he has appeared in a strategy meeting of opponents with a speech five inches thick. When one of his colleagues asked, "Strom, how long does that take?" Thurmond just replied, "It takes a while."

Two factors that might discourage the filibuster are the impending elections and the press of other legislation. Though

few of the opposition leaders are facing re-election this year, a number of their silent supporters on any cloture vote—such as George Murphy—are. And the Senate calendar is clogged with other business.

The best thinking now is that the Bayh plan cannot be defeated without a filibuster, but that a filibuster could sustain itself. Many senators who would probably vote for the Bayh plan might not, on the other hand, vote for cloture. At the moment neither side seems very certain of the outcome, either in public or privately. And the fight promises to be exciting, since it is intra-party and since it pits veteran tacticians like Ervin and Eastland against younger wheeler-dealers like Bayh and Griffin. Right now: a toss-up.

ONE OF THE PROBLEMS facing opponents of the Bayh amendment is that the women's-rights amendment is following close on its heels. Senator Ervin and others will be devoting some attention to the amendment in the Judiciary Committee in the next few weeks. Thinking about the proposal has not yet crystallized, but strict constructionists feel the amendment, as now worded, is an even bigger Trojan horse than the direct-election proposal. Some of the opposition to the Bayh proposal may be drained off in the consideration of the women's rights question, to which Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield has given top priority. A big worry is whether the Senate will, in fact, have nearly the time it needs to consider the amendment. There is a certain fatalistic feeling that women's rights may be the issue that the Senate can give no satisfactory consideration to in an election year. "There's not much we can do," said one source. "Half the voters are women and no senator wants to seem to vote against half his constituency in an election year. So if we pass an amendment, it won't be one that we've thought very hard about." □



PARTY TO MOVEMENT

THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

Several forms of violence are now epidemic in this country: bombings, which are occurring at the rate of hundreds a month; the shooting of policemen; wrecking and arson. A certain percentage of this violence is routine crime. However, most of the actions are motivated by political ideas or passions. Those who carry out the actions are not (according to their self-interpretation of what they are doing) seeking a merely personal end, but furthering a "cause." In many cases the political aims, negative and positive, are thought of as merging in the general goal of "the Revolution."

Now that the bombings are getting bigger and more deadly, and the assassination of policemen more frequent, the question is being raised whether there is an "organized conspiracy" at work on a nationwide scale.

Traditional Marxism-Leninism has a rational, orderly structure. Logically and historically one begins with the doctrine: dialectical materialism, the labor theory of value, the class theory of history. From the doctrine one derives the necessity of the revolutionary party—a "new kind of army," composed of trained professional revolutionists, disciplined from the top down, like an army. As the party is recruited, educated by the doctrine and trained in the revolutionary discipline, it takes on practical tasks, beginning with modest operations having limited aims and gradually escalating until, when a "revolutionary situation" develops, it launches the culminating struggle for the conquest of power.

In Lenin's view, the disciplined party of professionals is the key to the Revolution. He rejected not only the socialist reliance on part-time, semi-pro party members, but all anarchist and individualist methods, and any notion that the Revolution could conquer by "spontaneous" mass action.

The Leninist idea of the party and the doctrine-party-action sequence still

holds for the Moscow-oriented Communist parties, the Trotskyites, some at least of the Peking-oriented parties (including the Chinese party itself), and some small sects. But there are now many revolutionists in the New Left and among the extreme black power groups who have, or believe they have, broken with the traditional Marxist-Leninist conception of the revolutionary process. They find their revolutionary inspiration more in Guevara, Debray and Fanon, and further back in Bakunin and Nechaev, than in Marx, Lenin or Stalin.

Act Before Thought

These new-style revolutionists turn the Marxist-Leninist sequence upside down. What comes first, historically and logically, is not the doctrine and not the party, but Action, specifically, violent action. You become a revolutionary not by studying the doctrine nor by joining the party but by carrying out violent revolutionary acts. The revolutionist is forged in the crucible of revolutionary violence; through that violence he realizes his true freedom, escapes from enslavement by the system, and attains his dignity as a man. The party and the supporting doctrine are secondary offshoots of the revolutionary Act.

Let us apply these ideas to the question whether the current violent actions are the result of an organized nationwide conspiracy. Some undoubtedly are in the strict legal sense of "conspiracy." But in the case of many, the strict legal sense is not altogether relevant.

When members of an orthodox Communist party perform violent actions, they usually do so in response to directives communicated by the appropriate party authority. But when new-style revolutionists perform violent actions, there need not be any explicit organizational decision or communication—though of course there may be. The new-style revolutionists constitute a "Movement" (this is how they always refer to themselves) rather than a disciplined party

in the older sense. They share what is not so much a doctrine as a "world-view" and a mythological vision, both sustained by deep, largely unacknowledged passions that are translated into "ideals." To this vision, the existing structure of society is all evil; destroying it, or any part of it, or any of its representatives, is good. They are in continual communication with each other through the writings they all read and the universal instantaneous public media of our age; and in our mobile environment they also see each other often enough.

No one has to issue an explicit order for a nationwide campaign of bombings or shootings, though there may be such an order. An individual new-style revolutionist or a small group understands things the same way as the others, feels the same way, gets the same message from revolutionary books and teachers on campus, sees on TV and in the newspapers what everyone else is doing. Quite naturally and "spontaneously," many individuals and groups come to the same conclusions—to set the explosives, to fire the guns.

Old-style Marxist-Leninists—Bolsheviks—believe that this sort of free-wheeling movement cannot make the Revolution, that for the victory of the Revolution a disciplined party is required. So it may be, but no one can be sure in advance what can issue out of an assault on society by an aggregate of men and women whose psyches have cut loose from the essential restraints of civilized life. As late as January 1917 no one, not even Lenin, dreamed that the small Leninist party would be victorious in the foreseeable future. What the "alienation," the totalist break with "the Establishment," and the dedication to violence as a good really mean is that the new-style revolutionists have become in the literal sense, *savages*. Civilization, men being what they are, is never far from the brink of savagery. It does not take so very many savages within to push it over. □

THE CAMPUS SCENE

'Any administration of men over forty who consider students under twenty as smart as they are—is probably right,' says Al Capp, and proceeds to tell Princeton why it is, among other things, a racist institution

Advice to Princeton Alumni

AL CAPP

I'VE MADE a careful study of the situation here and I have good news for you. Princeton has only one problem: The lunatics are running the asylum.

Princeton was once a place we sent our loved ones who were going through one of life's most ludicrous and irrational states—puberty . . . in the hope they'd pick up some useful knowledge, and, more importantly, some useful connections. And to get them out of our sight while their minds and their complexions cleared up.

Princeton was once run to introduce some order into the disordered thinking of our pubescents, to elevate their morals above the chimpanzee level, and to discipline their muscles.

Today, Princeton is run to suit the wildest whims of their unbalanced minds, it has sunk to a moral level that a chimpanzee can live with, but only a chimpanzee, and it grovels at the flexing of their muscles.

Princeton once humanized its puberty-maddened. Today, Princeton is a temple of puberty-worship.

And what I say is that any administration of men over forty who consider students under twenty as smart as they are—is probably right.

Princeton has become a combination playpen and pigpen because it disregards one of the immutable facts of nature. And that is the inferiority of the college student to any other class.

The non-college student is a citizen who announces to the world that he can be useful to it, four years before a student can.

But when a college student registers as one, it is his confession to the world that he needs four more years of its indulgence and charity before he can contribute anything to it. It is a shame-



ful and pitiful state, and it would seem prudent for anyone in it not to attract attention to himself.

Until lately, students were decently aware of their low condition, and hoped not to be noticed, while they strove to rise above it.

And, until today, college administrations were aware of their intellectual and moral superiority, and treated students with the benign contempt they deserve. And while they did the alumni were content to support institutions like Princeton, to trust its young to their administrations, to bestow honors upon its great administrators and, in some cases, to pay them a living wage.

It was, however, when they began to treat academics as equals that the trouble started. In all fairness, I must say that it didn't start at Princeton. It started at Harvard and spread.

I live in Cambridge, Mass., a quarter of a mile from Harvard Square as the

crow flies. Today what you see flying above Harvard are mainly deans, propelled by student feet.

I remember how amusing it was once, at Cambridge dinner tables, to listen to Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Kenneth Galbraith tell how they'd run the country if they had the chance. You could enjoy their fantasies in perfect safety because you knew they'd never have the chance. Then, suddenly, they *had* the chance.

It wasn't amusing anymore. It wasn't fantasy anymore. It wasn't even safe anymore. It became the way it is now. And it's going to get worse, until we stop being sentimental about this thing and realize that those in the academic world simply are *not* the equals of those in real worlds. In the real world, one must outsmart one's superiors. To succeed in the academic world one need only to outsmart one's inferiors—students. That's not anti-intellectualism. It's a defense against it.

I've worked in both worlds and I am appalled at the anti-intellectualism of our intellectual community. Although they are the world's highest paid babysitters, they lack the intellect to understand, and the manners to respect the immeasurably superior intellect of those who created the wonderful and complex and imperfect outside world, who support the academic world they whine about the outside world *from*, and who, *from time to time*, are called on to protect the whiners from the lunatics they've made of so many of our children.

But the whining doesn't stop. When we protect them, as Jack Kennedy put it, with all necessary vigor, they whine *more* loudly, as they did at Kent State.

John Lindsay wasn't wrong to fly the flag at half-mast for the kids at Kent

State. His mistake was that he flew it for the wrong bunch. The martyrs at Kent State were those kids of ours in National Guard uniforms—who we ordered to protect the University from the mob the Mahysers, and Kellys and Falks of its campus had goaded into madness. The martyrs were the kids who had left their constructive lives to stop the destruction at Kent State because we ordered them to. Those who whined for us to give that order are now whining that we didn't also order them to let the lunatics stone them to death.

Lunacy at Princeton isn't homicidal—not yet—but it is getting there. You have lunatics running things here of all ages—in all positions—from the most humble dean to the most powerful freshman.

No More Defense

You won't find a more perfect example of perfect lunacy in Kafka and Krafft-Ebing, in Laurel and Hardy, even in Schlesinger and Galbraith, than the events here of the second week in May.

Several hundred students, egged on and fired up by a flock of faculty Fagins, decided that this country would never again need to be defended. They marched to end all operations at the Institute for Defense Analyses. They barred the entrance with bicycle chains, saving out a few of the heavier type to be used on any IDA employees unscrupulous enough to try to sneak in and go to work.

Then they linked their arms, toes, and tails, and created a barrier of bodies, and body odor. President Goheen, with the courage that has made him a legend, stormed onto the scene and instructed IDA Deputy Director Newirth to tell the mob that they could go right on with anything they had in mind, providing they remained nonviolent, didn't damage the building, and didn't interfere with anyone's rights. He then told the IDA scientists to go home. One job they left unfinished in the building was the final development of a device to detect hidden human beings, which would save countless lives from attack from ambush not only in this war, but in any war to come. But with the lunatics running the asylum, it was decided there would never be any more attacks on us, and no further need to go on with such silly experiments.

The mob agreed to be nonviolent, not

to damage the IDA building and not to interfere with anyone's rights. They nonviolently broke a large antenna off the roof and replaced it with a peace symbol, the Vietcong flag. They didn't damage the building. The painted obscene words and filthy pictures on all four walls, and dropped a stench bomb into the ventilator. They didn't interfere with anyone's rights. Anyone who approached the building had the right to duck the rocks they hurled at them. The administration, stern disciplinarians to the end, served them sandwiches, doughnuts and hot coffee, and while the mob and their faculty Fagins were busy munching their picnic lunches and smoking their pot, President Goheen called a faculty meeting that lasted until 4 A.M. to discuss ways to handle the situation.

I don't know if anyone suggested that one way might be to turn firehoses on them. Or to expel them on the spot, declare them trespassers, vandals and public nuisances and permit the Princeton police to pile them into paddy wagons.

I don't know if anyone reminded President Goheen that Princeton's commitment to the government was to continue to operate the IDA until 1975, but that there wasn't a student lunatic or faculty Fagin in that mob Princeton was committed to tolerate beyond the next thirty seconds.

Which commitment did Princeton honor?

Its commitment to the defense of the nation?

Or its commitment to the lunatics whose sickness is the fantasy that because they prefer to enjoy America's affluence in peace, our enemies will be lunatic enough to let them, once we destroy our capacity to maintain that peace.

Princeton didn't order the obscenity howling, stench-bomb throwing mob off the campus. It ordered off the scientists from the IDA.

No, there wasn't a single move in that that a sane man would make, or a lunatic wouldn't. And then there was the appointment of one of the leaders of your 1968 riot here to your Board of Trustees—an act comparable to appointing Richard Speck night watchman to the nurses' dormitory or Adolf Eichmann Chief Rabbi of Berlin.

When the lunatics take over, everything goes crazy, right down the line.

Princeton exists because of the revolution of men who wanted to be free.

Now there are those at Princeton who teach revolution against the freedom they won. But they don't give the students a full course. They aren't taught that revolution doesn't consist wholly of wearing Che Guevara's old hairdo, Leon Trotsky's old beard, and Audie Murphy's old uniform, and going out and lobbing rocks at the other side. They aren't taught that, in a revolution, the other side, whether they're cops, or construction workers, or other kids in National Guard uniforms—can fight back. And when they do, the half-baked revolutionaries cry their hearts out, and those who sent them to the barricades half-raw, demand that we cry for them.

Princeton, which once, when reason reigned, abhorred racism, now teaches it, by example, as they do at Yale and Harvard. It comes in a more sophisticated form, but that's because the Ivy League can afford a more expensive type of bigot. At Yale when Kingman Brewster said that no black man could get a fair trial in the state of Connecticut, what he also said, in effect, was that there weren't twelve honest white men in the state of Connecticut. Now, racism is racism no matter which race it is directed against.

Brewster's Racism

If Kingman Brewster had said there weren't twelve honest black men in the state of Connecticut, the Yale faculty would have demanded his dismissal, and I'd have cheered them. But when the Vice President demanded his dismissal the Yale faculty supported Brewster to a man. The Yale faculty endorsed its president's racism as blindly as the faculty of any backwater Alabama school has ever endorsed the racism of its governor.

At Harvard last year, four black students in its Black Studies Department, designated specifically by color, were granted powers to vote on the hiring and firing of instructors in that department, equal to that of any dean. Only Oscar Handlin, one of a handful unaffected by the lunacy there, pointed out that a University that grants privileges based solely on the color of a student's skin, can also withhold privileges on the same basis. And you can't get any more racist than that. But you can try . . . and Princeton has.

Princeton's racism isn't as coarse as Yale's, or as flagrant as Harvard's. It runs so deep here, its victims can't detect it. But they're uneasy, unhappy;

they're beginning to suspect it. Black students here aren't treated as men are; they're indulged as pets are. In infinite, and often almost invisible ways, they are given the special treatment one gives to those one considers inferior.

Lunatics Everywhere

It is racism at its most deceptive, its most degrading, its most destructive. And until Princeton allows its black students to demonstrate that they are as capable of acts of honor and achievements of intellect, as any white, it will remain what the lunatics have made of it, an institution of sophisticated sanctimonious racism.

The lunatics have taken over the admissions office, too. Certainly it wasn't easy to burble, as your admissions office bulletin did in its last issue, that the group of students accepted here this year showed a dramatic increase in *non-academic* achievement. Before Princeton went off its rocker, any student who showed a dramatic increase in *non-academic* achievement was kicked out.

The new lunacy now dominates the old ceremonies. It has made carnivals of commencements, so obscene that only the student hysterics and hyenas, the brawlers and the bedwetters, the muggers and the arsonists, the criminals and the creeps, can safely attend them, and at our colleges for young ladies, only the bathless and the bra-less. Some come to those ceremonies solely to stomp out of them, shrieking slogans from old editorials from the *Daily World* or the sermons from Rev. William Sloane Coffin. Some, whose talent for obscenity has

earned them the honor of speaking for their class, come to curse their parents, guests and faculty hosts. But the mindless and mannerless minority *all* come, in complete confidence that no matter how beastly their acts, how foul their mouths, they will be welcome and protected.

Two students this year, more typical of the majority, didn't dare come to their graduation. They knew their colleges wouldn't dare protect them from the hyenas, even from being hurt by them.

These two had committed such social crimes as attending classes instead of riots, and of getting married *before* they moved into an apartment together.

But, most unforgivable of all, these two came from families considered by many in Princeton's social science department, to be more ill-bred than the Jukes or the Kallikaks; they came from families which had each bred a President.

1970 is the year Julie and David Eisenhower were, in effect, barred from their graduations. It is the year Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman took charge. It is the year of the lunatic.

What will Princeton be next year, or the year after, if the lunatics go on running it? Will there be a Princeton next year, or the year after, that any thoughtful parent would send his kid to—or that any prudent parent would spend a dime to support his kid in?

If the lunatics remain, and I include among them those too flashy to stand up for sanity, as well as those so fanatic they're no longer capable of it, only those will come here whose parents don't care where they're educated, as long as

it doesn't cost them a dime. And they'll come here mainly because there isn't anywhere else to go where you can commit crimes and be given a year in graduate school instead of a year in jail.

If the lunatics keep running Princeton, you won't have to send missionaries out to the slums—they'll create a moral and academic slum here.

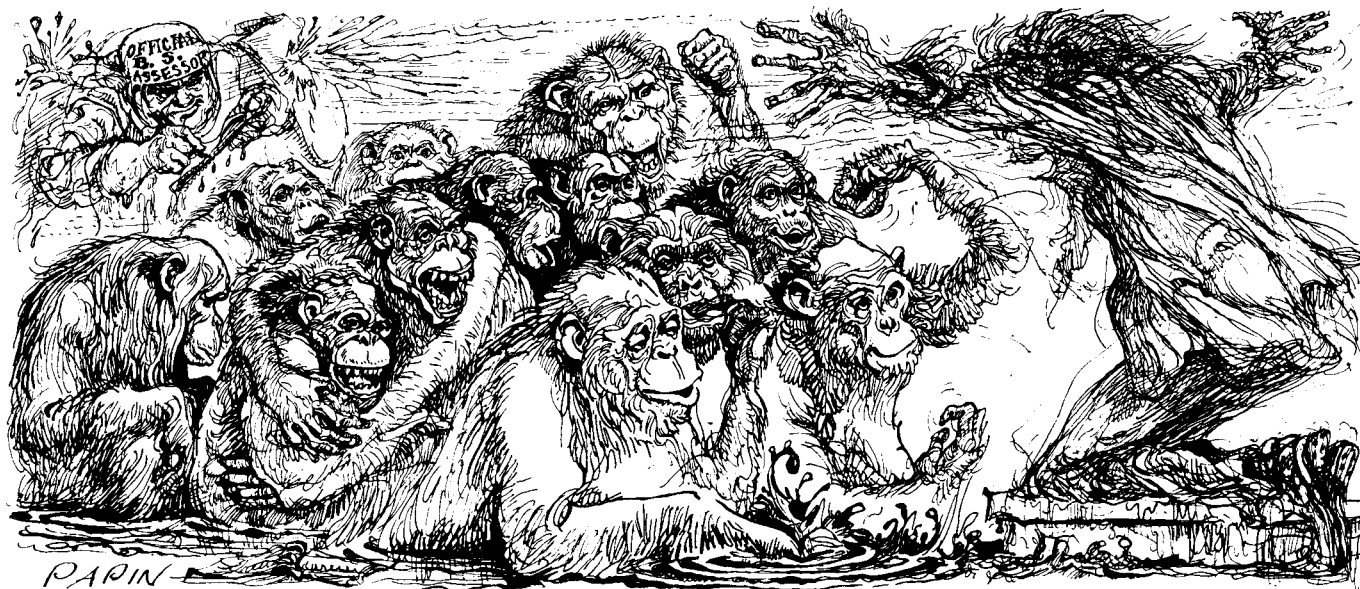
B.S.: How To Spot It

This year is the year for action—and this year should begin today. It should have begun a year ago today. I mean the sort of action that George Hamid and Jere Patterson of the class of 1940 are getting by way of the organization they've formed called ACTION—Alumni Committed to Involve Ourselves Now. One of the things ACTION is doing is exercising a long dead academic freedom—one that died of sheer embarrassment, and came to life out of sheer fury. And that is the freedom to *not* support the academic community until they get one they're willing to pay for. ACTION has a way of handling that that gives you a chance to be a tough guy as well as a good guy, and if you want to know about it, they're the guys to tell you.

This year should be the year Princeton should introduce two new courses. One, a course in BS Identification. I won't identify the words BS stands for . . . it'll become clear as I go along.

There isn't a course yet in BS Identification anywhere. There would have been a year ago, if I could have accepted the first chair in the subject at a

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Ale, Cheese, Onions and Women

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

JOHN COYNE, at his usual post guarding the door, spotted the women heading for the place and quickly locked the door . . . Coyne refused the soprano-voiced demands for entry, and the girls took up positions preventing either exit or entry for about a half-hour."

Thus reads one newspaper account of the last sharp skirmish in the siege of McSorley's, just before the fall. I know. That's what she said too. But it's all a case of mistaken identity. John Coyne writes for *NATIONAL REVIEW*. But the best waiter in town is also called John Coyne, a Galway-born Irishman who serves up ale and porter—fifty cents for two mugs—at McSorley's Old Ale House in Manhattan. And before the final battle John also served as lookout, watching for ladies from Betty Friedan's National Organization for Women (NOW), a Women's Lib outfit that had vowed to belly up to the bar of Manhattan's oldest men-only tavern for ale and cheese and onions.

The troubles began last spring, when two NOW ladies from Syracuse (and maybe that's why they're bitter) sued for admission. And on June 25, District Court Judge Walter R. Mansfield ordered McSorley's doors opened to both sexes. "It may be argued," wrote Judge Mansfield wistfully, "that the occasional preference of men for a haven of retreat from the watchful eyes of wives or womanhood in general, to have a drink or pass a few hours in their own company, is justification enough: that the simple fact that women are not men justifies defendant's practices." Nevertheless, albeit reluctantly, the judge concluded that "McSorley's is a public place" and that "the preference of certain of its patrons is no justification under the equal protection clause [of the Constitution]." And the final blow fell at the end of August, when Mayor John Lindsay signed a bill designed to open all the City's public places to women, thus rendering academic any attempt to appeal Judge Mansfield's decision.

And so, one more tradition into the

dust bin, a tradition that began in 1854 when John McSorley, fresh from County Tyrone, modeled his tavern on the pubs he remembered back home. The first and foremost rules were no hard booze and no women. John McSorley, says Brendan Behan, was "a rather puritanical man," a teetotaler who believed that "ale was strong enough spirits for any man." And women were already sufficiently spirited.

John McSorley's strictures were stringently observed for over a century. Bill McSorley, John's son, had no children, and in 1936 sold out to Daniel O'Connell, a policeman, on the condition that the old traditions be continued. Four years later O'Connell died and willed the tavern to—of all things—a daughter, Dorothy O'Connell Kirwan. "The most remarkable thing of all," says Dorothy's son, Daniel O'Connell Kirwan, the present manager, "is that McSorley's is owned by a woman. For the past thirty years, my mother has been willing to carry on the traditions of her father."

TRADITION IS THE KEY WORD at McSorley's. Customers stand on a sawdust-covered floor and take their ale at the original mahogany bar, behind which money is still arranged by denomination in cups. The walls are lined with pictures of the athletes, actors, writers and politicians who have frequented McSorley's through the years. The guest book includes the names of Eugene O'Neill; Dylan Thomas, who wrote poems there; Brendan Behan, who composed his last published work at one of McSorley's battered wooden tables and whose wife, as a special courtesy, was served a mug of ale outside the door; the Tammany politicians who drank their way through Prohibition; Mayors O'Dwyer and Wagner; Jackie Gleason; Cassius Clay; and, most recently, David Eisenhower.

The ale and porter costs more now, but at two for fifty cents it's still the best buy in town. Sixty cents buys a

meal-sized plate of cheese, crackers, onions and the hottest mug of mustard this side of Shanghai. The Liederkranz and onion sandwich is legendary, as is the chili, and McSorley's corned-beef hash has sent *New York Times* food editor Craig Claiborne into ecstasies.

But perhaps the most famous tradition of all has been the ringing of the bell which hangs over the bar, according to Daniel O'Connell Kirwan the same bell that used to mark rounds at the original Madison Square Garden. And until Mayor Lindsay's feminist legislation, the bell still signaled the beginning of a fight, although of a different nature. Whenever John Coyne spotted a woman heading toward the bar, he'd ring the bell three times, a bull horn sounded in the back room, and the patrons stood and shouted: "No Women!"

The warning bell may not sound again soon, but Daniel O'Connell Kirwan intends to fight to keep the tavern's traditions intact. "The place has been here for 116 years," he says, "and it will be here 116 years from now." Will he make changes? "None." How about such things as rest rooms, presently consisting of one toilet and three huge urinals? "If women want total equality, I don't see why the concept shouldn't extend to rest rooms."

"It's the age of protest, I guess," muses O'Connell Kirwan, speculating on why women want to ruin his tavern. "Not that women don't have a case in general—hiring practices, that sort of thing. But McSorley's? They're really only interested in the *right* to come in, I guess. And there's publicity, of course. The first few days there've been a bunch in to have their pictures taken. But when the papers get tired of the whole affair maybe they'll go away."

No one in his right mind will disagree with O'Connell Kirwan about the legitimacy of many of Women's Lib demands. But please do try to tread a bit lightly when you walk on our traditions, ladies. We're only males, after all, and just occasionally we need a place or two of our own to swagger around in. And wouldn't you rather have us drinking together than prowling through go-go joints?

But maybe it's all over. You're in, ladies. And what next? "There's an old song title," says O'Connell Kirwan, "that I think sums it up. 'After you get what you want, you don't want what you wanted at all.'" □

A Father-Son Rap-in

J. D. TIERNEY

JEREMY CLEAN sat in a sand chair on the Siasconset beach and, looking up from his notebook, watched his father surfcast. Mr. Clean, in bathing trunks, stood barefoot, ankle-deep, sending the chrome lure in a hundred-yard arc over small waves whose tops were curled back by the offshore August breeze. It was one of the faultless days that come to Nantucket after a northeast storm. Mr. Clean was in his fourth season of surfcasting and no fish. But he preferred it to golf because it eliminated walking and the forced heartiness of sporting conversation. He reeled in, placed the rod butt in a sand spike, pulled on a pair of wrinkled khakis and sat on a beach towel. "Tired," he said. "Fresh air poisoning."

Jeremy put his notebook and pen aside, pushed his hair out of his eyes. He wore steel-rimmed glasses.

"Just a year ago we were in Germany," said Mr. Clean.

"Like, Germany is one place where it's at," said Jeremy. "I mean the protest movement."

"Remember the night we went to the Reeperbahn in Hamburg? Whores sitting in the picture windows? Those costumes!"

"Heavy!"

"Then," Mr. Clean continued, "we went into that house and I picked out a Eurasian for you? Tondelayo!"

"And you bought one dressed like Santa Claus."

"She wasn't bad when she took off the whiskers and the red suit. Only Santa coat I ever saw that was trimmed in real fur."

"Did she go 'Ho ho ho'?"

"No she didn't go 'Ho ho ho.' Nothing homosexual, but I didn't mind giving Santa a workout. I hate Christmas."

"I felt sorry for those chicks. Victims of the Establishment."

"Nonsense. Whores meet better people than they ever would if they hadn't taken up the life. I knew one who married an Episcopal bishop. There's many a college girl today who'd be better off as a whore. She could keep her habits and make her tuition."

"Have you ever, like, talked to Mother about your theory?"

"No, and I hope you haven't, like, talked to her about the Reeperbahn. I knew I was taking a chance because you're always gassing about life and there's something of the fink in you. But

I thought it was time you had your turpitude lessons. Know what all the other fathers in Bedford Hills were paying for last summer? Tennis lessons."

"Thanks, Dad."

"Shove the sarcasm. What's in your notebook? Not that I want to read it. If you were modest, I wouldn't ask."

"Plans for school next month."

"Revolution? Going to polarize the campus again?"

"Polarization has had it. This is, uh, like, a unity kick. Ecology. Everyone can groove. All the schools will be in. High schools, too. We're going to blast the Establishment with a mass ecological protest."

"How?"

"Don't have all the moves yet. I'm in, like, the left-wing faction of the Weathermen. That's the left-wing faction of the SDS."

"I know."

"I'm on a committee. We'll, like, rap about it the first day back. Then we'll do it. We'll, like, reverse the leader-follower relationship, and develop non-adaptive group behavior in the community by, uh, coming on with an extreme situation."

"What's non-adaptive group behavior?"

"Panic."

"Well why didn't you say panic? You talk like an aborigine with a doctorate in sociology."

"But what I say is relevant. We'll politicize all the campuses on a non-political issue. Ecology will base a group decision for revolutionary social change. The Establishment will, like, go to the wall."

"Where's the wall? The Establishment has you people so uptight you can't find the wall. The wall never stays in one place. Not for revolutionaries. Suddenly they look behind them and there it is. Built by their friends. It happened to Danton, Robespierre, Paine, Trotsky. The IWW—those guys were as far out as you, but superior as men. They had a program. Bombs, too."

"But they never had television. That's,

like, our best thing. We've got it knocked."

"Sure. You understand its need for the visual and its appetite for gabble. You know it can show some nerd picketing City Hall on a skate board, but not a court decision. And that makes you think you're using it. But all the time, it's using you."

"No, that's not the way it is. Convince me."

"They're using you as unpaid performers. To attract audiences and advertise Establishment cars, soft drinks, cigarettes, beer and detergents—all ecology poisoners. TV is the *Ur*-establishment. It uses you as individuals. It steals your music for commercials, shows your crazy clothes to the squares, interviews your zonked-out freaks and alienates the people you need. You're all being had."

"But we've, like, changed things. The universities."

THEY NEEDED it anyhow. But the way you did it set you back. Rebels throwing rocks and yelling for mercy. Rebellion without sacrifice. Let the slobs reglaze the windows and pay the bills. I'll admit it was a new approach. But it had no style. One day you'll see that you didn't accomplish much. There are plenty of pre-Rotarian careerists in college. While you're marching, they're learning. I don't say they're the best people. Probably not. Yet, they'll become the Establishment and the rebels of 1970 will be obsolete, sitting in another part of the forest wondering what happened to the years. Where are the beatniks today?"

"They made it. They created the hippie movement."

"Their effect was on drugs, women's clothes and men's hair. But they're gone. As you say, the hippies carry on, still underestimating the genius of the Establishment trend-smellers. Bright people with contemptible jobs. They'll market anything. Don't care whether it's

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*Come, tread the primrose path (tiptoeing past
the Hearst management) with Helen Gurley Brown,
who knows just exactly what to do
if your mate is a breast fetishist, or named Stan, or both*

You Are the more Cupcakeable for Being a Cosmopolitan Girl

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

I KNEW NOTHING about Helen Gurley Brown until undertaking to write about her *Cosmopolitan*. But as often happens in such situations, the moment I embarked on the project—suddenly all the world became a gathering system and for a week or so it seemed that there was never a conversation anywhere in which her name didn't figure. And then I was given to read a trunkload of articles from a year of *Cosmopolitan*, articles which were Distinctively Helen Gurley Brown. Half way through reading them, I found myself rejecting the common suspicion that HGB (as she often signs herself) is putting us on. I was absolutely certain that she was not, until I came on one paragraph from *Cosmo's* monthly Editor's Column, which are pure HGB, wherein the editor introduces the reader to that particular issue, and chats. *Great God*, I found myself wondering. Could it possibly be? (as she would put it). Read it carefully . . .

"In her article, 'How Sexually Generous Should a Girl Be?' (p. 138), Gael [Greene] tells some of the right and wrong reasons, in her opinion, for going to bed with a man. Do read it! Gael and her husband, Don Forst, New York Times culture editor, have renovated a church for a weekend house (they're photographed there)."

But of course! The whole of *Cosmopolitan* has become a renovated church. Who needs a church? Not the Cosmopolitan Girl. She needs Helen Gurley Brown. Who will tell her everything. Listen . . .

Are you, sir, a breast fetishist? I mean, madam, is your lover a breast fetishist? Don't despair. Don't go away. Hear what Jill did. *Cosmo* reveals that on her

wedding night she *"came to bed with a big dollop of Hershey's milk-chocolate syrup tipping each breast. Honest! Stan is still a fetishist. But his fetish is his wife. And they keep a can of Hershey's by the bed. Does that hurt anyone?"*

And you can get *Cosmo* at the newsstand for only sixty cents, the same newsstands where they sell Hershey's.

Mind you, the new *Cosmo*—the other great publishing success of the decade along with *Playboy* (the greatest coincidence since *Love* begot *Screw*)—is not without a sense of morality, provided you lean hard on the metaphorical uses of the word. For one thing, there is the high-up management that keeps an eye on it. It is a Hearst Magazine. One time, Helen Gurley Brown asked the girls at the office to recount in unsigned memos whether their men had any extraordinary uses for their (sorry to go back to them again, but although Raquel Welch has discovered that the Mind is an erogenous zone, HGB has not)—breasts. One girl (HGB called her a "bitch," which is the opposite of a Cosmopolitan Girl) sent a copy of the memo anonymously to *Women's Wear Daily*, which printed it, and right away there was a commotion upstairs, because you see not all the Hearst Management are Cosmopolitan Girls. "I tread a very careful path with Hearst Management and I don't want to get them exercised about anything. If I just very quietly developed these articles and show them the finished product, it's much better. Furthermore, we have trouble with supermarkets in the South and I didn't want them stirred up ahead of time." Ahead of time means before the article itself is printed. Because the articles, well, they say things in a way which, if you then object to them, you

are against Candor and Love. And you are, simply, against cupcakeability. Understand that that is the purpose of the New *Cosmopolitan*—to instruct its girl readers in a single Commandment in which the previous Ten are subsumed. As HGB put it, *"You've got to make yourself more cupcakeable all the time so that you're a better cupcake to be gobbled up,"* and not all Southern supermarkets are ready, because they are Behind the Times.

MRS. BROWN IS QUITE AWARE that some people believe there are things people *should* do and things people *shouldn't* do. She just wants to *help* you if it happens that you *want* to do the things you *shouldn't* do. Mrs. Brown is always helping people out, for instance her friend Joyce, who was looking for a title for her new book on adultery. "The trouble with your friend," said Joyce about one of Helen's friends, "is she's acting like a *child*." Helen shot back: "And, of course, adultery is for *adults*. The book was born!" writes HGB. *Adultery Is for Adults*.

Mrs. Brown took that as a lesson for the day, and went on, "I personally think a lot of people would like adultery for *themselves* (feel they could handle it with maturity, *éclat*, *élan*, and so on), but it's their *mate* they don't want messing around. Well," she says—and you know, I think there's a trace of a wink there, don't you?—"Well, nobody around here is *for* adultery, but you ought to know how to cope in case it hits one near and dear, yes?" Indeed. "See page 178."

There are those who believe that what it all adds up to is promiscuity. They will

be surprised. The author of "How Sexually Generous Should a Girl Be?" can sound like Cotton Mather. She calls for a *frein vital*. As the author says, "While you're wondering things, do you ever wonder whether you've worked out the right sexual code for yourself? We [like Aristophanes'] have the 'vote,' so to speak, . . . but now we often say yes, yes, yes—not because we're 'free,' but for reasons that have little to do with sexual enjoyment. It's a dreary slavery of habit. It's not giving, but a colossal waste of a girl's resources. Better *one* good satisfying orgasm and all that."

You do understand? It's your duty, madam, not to go to bed with anybody, unless you *want* to. Who says the Cosmopolitan Girl is without a sense of restraint?

Of course, things *can* go wrong. For instance, there was the girl who was raped. She, naturally, wrote an article, called, "I Was Raped." The reader's sympathy quickens as she recounts the experience and the skepticism with which her story was treated by the police and later at the clinic. But then the sun begins to shine, as you realize that the Cosmopolitan Girl is never really taken altogether by surprise. In the midst of her despair, she recalls, "Thank God, I was taking birth-control pills!"

IT HAS BEEN OBSERVED THAT the Cosmopolitan Girl has many problems, while the Playboy has absolutely none. Well, that may be, but it is certainly on account of the pains the Cosmopolitan Girl is instructed to take in order to please. Simple things. "How Not to Get Dumped on His Way Up" tells the wife how not to get dumped on his way up, for instance Point Six, "Love may be blind, but it's not deaf. Have you ever listened to yourself screech lately? Borrow a tape recorder and *hear* how you sound. Voices can be changed. . . ." ("How Do You Sound?" *Cosmo*, April.)

And not-so-usual things. "What Turns Men On—Humming . . . What Turns Men Off—and Running. Thirty-Eight Men Tell Their Secret Pleasures." One man's secret pleasure came on discovering "the word 'love' [tattooed] on her behind, surrounded by flowers. She wouldn't tell me how she got it and I didn't care." (The *questions* some people ask!) Now whatever a Cosmopolitan Girl puts on her *behind*, she must *never* fail to keep her false eyelashes on her eyes ("Why I Wear My False Eyelashes to

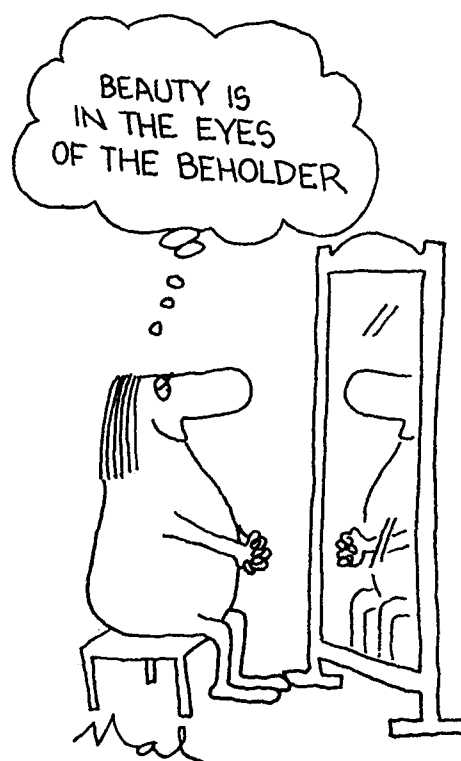
Bed"). Granted, there are problems. The Shower. But for every problem there is a solution. "Toy with the shower dial so that it is fixed at its weakest pressure and only a pathetic drizzle results. When it's turned on, tilt your head so that the spray catches you only from the neck down. If all else fails and your shower companion is scrubbing you with his pumice stone" (pumice stone? This one apparently *didn't* like it on her behind) "hurl soapsuds in his eyes. This way, if your makeup has worn off, he won't be able to see how you look!"

SO, LIFE CAN BE very complicated, to be sure, but though there are silver linings, silver linings themselves beget complications. For instance, the Q and A on The Pill. "Do drugs or alcohol interfere with the working of the Pill?" Think think think, what if the answer should turn out to be *Yes!* . . . But *of course* not . . . "No drugs have been found to have this effect." Sigh of relief—but then ZAP!—"although an obvious risk from taking a lot of alcohol is that it might prevent you from remembering to take the tablets." *Remember to take your pill with your orange juice.*

And so it goes, issue after issue. "What's in *Cosmo* this month?" HGB can hardly wait to tell you. "Oh, you know . . . making it . . . making good . . . making love . . . loving men . . . loving yourself . . . a great mystery novel, short stories . . . the usual birthday package. I hope you like *all* of it." If you like to learn, you'll certainly never stop learning from *Cosmo*. For instance, about the group-therapy-through-nudity prophet just sixty miles from Los Angeles. Twenty-four patients including the author assemble at this particular 24-hour session, half girls, half men, no sexual highjinks, that was made quite clear at the outset, but then they all went right to work, and by midnight were all stripped down and cozy. By the next day they were *wonderfully* familiar with each other. "Childhood traumas were explored, some of them acted out. Barbara expressed long-buried hatred of her father by beating on a sofa cushion until, exhausted and drained, she said calmly, 'I think it's finally, completely, gone.'" That doesn't mean that if you have a hang-up you should automatically stop wearing clothes, an idea that would hardly appeal to *Cosmo's* advertisers. The author, who cherishes her experience, nevertheless explains, "I'm still

more comfortable with the window dressing in place, but no longer apprehensive should it happen to slip a bit. My makeup is more subtle, softer, and I smile more easily, even at strangers—and they smile back."

Nudity can be so *wonderful*. So can the life of ("I Was a Nude Model") a nude model. The author was writing a novel, and of course had to work to support herself, and chose modeling, which soon turned to figure modeling. The only trouble came when her mother heard about it, because her mother's "friends" were *always* sending Mother pictures of her nude daughter snipped out of magazines. "I got another imperative note from Mother: 'You must stop that filthy nude modeling.' The Puritan ice may be melting in most Americans' veins, but not in Mother's. I could understand, but I couldn't do what she wanted." Mother apparently thought that Alice would lead an abnormal life under the circumstances. *Imagine!* "How did the modeling affect my love life? It didn't. During that period I went with a philosophy professor, a press aide to a governor, a mathematician, a psychologist, a Mexican architect, a Spanish doctor, and a young English banker. *They* weren't put off by my profession." They gobbled her up, just like they'll gobble *you* up, if you do what Helen Gurley Brown tells you, and better begin by renovating your church. □



It Was a Terrible Scene

ROBERT PETER

THEY must have been in the midst of preparations for his fiftieth birthday. Sure, his wife and the kids had their presents ready. Had invited friends to a party. I guess, those at home had mailed their birthday letters already. Oh, I wish I could—I could. . . .”

The man sitting next to me in a little “boliche” in Montevideo, tried to explain, more to himself than to me, the situation on July 31, when Dan Anthony Mitrione, a technical adviser of the Uruguayan police, was kidnaped on his way to the office. When his birthday came, on August 4, Mitrione was a prisoner of the Tupamaros, Uruguay’s well-known terrorist gang. On August 9 he was dead. Left behind: a wife and nine children.

July 31 was a very busy day. The Tupamaros tried to kidnap five persons. In the case of Mitrione and of the Brazilian consul Aloysio Mares Dias Gomide they were successful; not so with a Uruguayan and with two other U.S. diplomats, Nathan Rosenfeld, 52, cultural attaché, and Michael Gordon Jones, 27, vice consul. They were waiting for Rosenfeld in the garage of the apartment house where he lives. He fought back, was struck on the neck and fell down. He feigned unconsciousness, then taking advantage of a few seconds of indecision on the part of the gangsters, he escaped. At that moment, Michael Gordon Jones, whose apartment is in the same house, appeared in the garage. The kidnapers pounced on him, hit him on the head with a pistol, threw a blanket over him, and tied him up. Jones’ courage and strength saved his life. While lying on the floor of a small truck he somehow managed to pull the blanket from his face inch by inch, so that he could see. Then he swung himself from the fast moving car, and hit the ground so hard that he almost lost consciousness, but he was free. One week later, on August 7, the same day the police captured nine top terrorists, another American, Dr. Claude Fly, 65, a soil expert, was kidnaped.

Not too many people were worried

at first. But when the Tupamaros made their demand, officials realized this was something new. In exchange for Mitrione and Gomide (Fly had not yet been captured), the Tupamaros demanded the liberation of *all* imprisoned terrorists, about 160 persons. This, as everybody understood at once, was a deliberate provocation.

President Jorge Pacheco Areco had publicly stated months ago that he would never negotiate with terrorists. Possibly they thought that he would not be able to resist pressure from the United States and Brazil, and thus suffer a loss of face that might finish him off politically. However, by overdoing it, the Tupamaros left the government no choice: what they wanted was unacceptable. Had the Tupamaros asked for five or ten prisoners in exchange for their hostages, even a law-abiding government like the Uruguayan would have found it difficult not to set legalities aside, and accept the extortion. But by insisting on the freeing of all political prisoners, they made one thing clear: that a line had to be drawn here and now.

WHEN the Uruguayan government made its stand it was bitterly criticized in Uruguay and (though by surprisingly few) abroad. Brazil tried everything from request to menace to make President Pacheco accept the terrorists’ demand. (Uruguayans, incidentally greatly appreciated the attitude of the U.S. Government which exerted no such pressure.) President Nixon was the first head of state to make it clear that he understood the problem, and the position taken by Uruguay.

The situation was difficult for the government, but it has also turned out to be most unpleasant for the Tupamaros.

Parliament authorized the government to suspend civil liberties for twenty days and a lot of the rebels were captured in the ensuing dragnet searches. In addition they also destroyed a carefully built image. The Tupamaros was formed in the early Sixties; the founders,

if not *the* founder, was Raúl Sendic Antonaccio, who was captured by the police on August 7.

Sendic, a law school drop-out, belonged to the Socialist Party, and was sent north to establish a union of sugar cane workers in the department of Artigas. A group of rebels he founded first surfaced there on July 31, 1963, when they stole some rifles from the Club de Tiro Suizo (Swiss Shooting Club) in Nueva Helvecia. More was to follow. The hero went underground, the words “Viva Sendic” appeared on the walls of houses in Montevideo; more robberies, always of arms and uniforms. The word “Tupamaros” was found wherever they had struck.

The word comes from “Tupac Amarú,” which was the surname of the Peruvian revolutionary, José Gabriel Condorcanque, allegedly a descendant of the Incas, who rose against the Spanish overlords. He was cruelly executed, torn apart by four horses, on the plaza of Cuzco in 1782. Later the Spanish called every revolutionary “atupac amarú,” which became “tupamaro.” A gaucho troop of General Artigas, Uruguay’s national hero, also called themselves “tupamaros” during the fight for independence.

Among the proletariat and the workers the Tupamaros had and have practically no followers; their activists are “intellectuals,” mainly frustrated students. But they built a splendid image of themselves as modern-day Robin Hoods. Here were young heroes, daring boys, who assaulted banks and casinos, and took money from the rich to use in the construction of a better world. They showed courage, inventiveness and even a touch of humor. Most important: they never took a human life.

All this came down with a crash when they killed Mitrione. Much of the sympathy had withered away the year before, after they had started killing policemen, first in action, which many of their admirers excused as unavoidable, but then wherever they found policemen—those poor, terribly underpaid men from just the class the Tupamaros had always said they wanted to help. But there was no excuse in the case of Mitrione, although the extreme Left, seeing the effect of this murder on the population, did what they could to spread the rumor that Mitrione was the man who taught the Uruguayan police how to torture prisoners. The over-

(Continued on page 1015)

THE MAIL arrives at my little Left Bank hotel four times a day (except Sunday) and sometimes five times a day. The subways run quietly and on time on their rubber wheels into stations that are clean and orderly and often a work of art as is the Metro station at the Louvre. The parks are ablaze with flowers; the cafés are full to overflowing (as they should be); the restaurants (the low and moderate-priced ones, those with a *prix fixe* of from ten to fifteen new francs, *tout compris*) are regaining the quality I thought they were about to lose when I last visited the most beautiful city in the world some three years ago.

With all this Paris has gone all out in providing a spectacle of light and air and sound and water which it calls the *Féerie des Tuileries*. Frankly, I lack the gift to describe this evocation of "fairyl-land," except to note that it is held every evening from 21 to 24 hours in the beautiful gardens of the Tuileries—from the Louvre to the Jeu de Paume—in which all the trees and flowers and statues are illuminated; excellent concerts provided; and all of it topped off with a water and fireworks ballet which starts classically to the Water Music of Handel, the grand fountain of the Concorde cascading its jets high into the air in a dazzling display of color. All this reaches a climax when the sky over Paris is lit up by a ravishing display of pin-wheels and rockets soaring high into the night, the music having changed to a more robust rendition of Rossini's William Tell Overture, a Strauss Polka and an Offenbach Can-Can. Finis—and you head for bus or Metro which, if you are fortunate, will have ceased running (most of them stop at midnight) and you can begin a leisurely walk "home" along the cleanest, if most deserted, and safest streets in all the world.

PARIS is no small town. Its population numbers six million. So, if Paris could do it, why not New York? Well, for a number of reasons—any one of which the reader may provide for himself. Me, I'm on holiday and prefer to leave New York City and its problems to Mayor Lindsay and his beleaguered citizens. But to get back to Paris. It's not all crisp croissants and a grand café crème. If it is still the city of light, it is (alas!) no more the artistic capital of the world, although it has more bookstores and art shops than all other major cities com-

bined. Most disappointing of all has been the cleanup job Malraux has perpetrated on the city's great buildings—especially the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

The best way to see the Cathedral (if you're a man and you don't care a damn for Women's Lib) is through the eye-holes of the pissoir on the rue du Parvis Notre Dame. No sacrilege intended, except to observe that in times past when I first set eyes on this magnificent Gothic



edifice, I saw it thus in all its medieval greyness and greatness, the patina of age lending shadow and substance to this grand Cathedral of Our Lady. Now it looks too clean, and it is thereby diminished to the dimensions almost of a country church. Something is lacking—and even from my vantage point of comfort on the rue du Parvis, it is still not the same as it seemed to me more than twenty years ago.

Of plays and books and the cinema there is not much to report, except to note that American movies are still the

DELECTATIONS

Paris Again

MAX GELTMAN

most popular in Paris, especially *le Western*, and most especially anything featuring John Wayne. But Parisians will take almost anything of that vintage *and* the Marx Brothers *and* Buster Keaton and even Popeye the Sailor Man. Speaking of Popeye, *Figaro Littéraire* has discovered the "relevance" of spinach in Popeye, and the "humor" in Edgar Rice Burroughs' Tarzan. This is, of course, very French and should not be taken for Gallic wit, for the French are never so serious as when they are being most witless. The one great French film is *l'Aveu* (by the "Z"-men) which deals stunningly with the Slansky show trials in Czechoslovakia.

ABOUT THE THEATER (French ballet and opera are never worth recording) all one can report is that Ionesco's *Amédée* at the little Pocket Theater on the Boulevard du Montparnasse is the intellectual hit of the season. *Le Monde's* critic thinks it will be a classic in fifteen years. Which probably means he found it a bore today. Pure Ionesco, it says less than meets the eye or reaches the ear of an almost tone-deaf American whose capacity for grasping stage French is minimal. But who goes to Paris to visit the cinema, the theater or even the museums which, except for the Jeu de Paume, are the most overrated in the world—especially the Louvre to which M. Malraux has given the coup de grâce. Where before it was an overwhelming *spectacle*, it is today broken up into chauvinistic segments—more or less. Does this prove that the intellectual as administrator is a dangerous man, as Eric Hoffer opines? Or does it merely indicate that Big Museums—except for the Prado—are too big for their canvases, too vast for the kind of intimacy some paintings must have to be properly viewed and enjoyed. New York's Frick Museum is a startling example of what I have in mind. Here perfection prevails, not the least because each picture can be seen for what it is as if in the privacy of one's own home. □

BOOKS ARTS MANNERS

The Main Line

JAMES BURNHAM

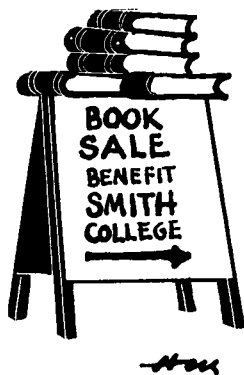
In the jargon of our campus militants "relevant" gets a big play, though we seldom learn what anything is supposed to be relevant *to*. If they really wanted to understand what is happening in the world, as very few of them seem to do, they would have a hard time finding a text more relevant than Sir Robert Thompson's new book: relevant in every paragraph and sentence, for there is no fat here, not a word off the main line, not a moment out for anything subjective, any "self-expression."

Revolutionary War in World Strategy 1945-1969 is the third book in what may now be seen as a trilogy. The first, *Defeating Communist Insurgency*, deals with the postwar revolutionary conflict in Malaya, in which Sir Robert had a leading military and administrative role. The second, *No Exit from Vietnam*, narrates, analyzes and discusses the Vietnam affair, especially subsequent to the American involvement. Sir Robert was chief of the British Advisory Mission to Vietnam; he has been in close touch with the United States military and, since President Nixon took office, with the White House.

This new book summarizes and systematizes the material contained in the first two, and thereby produces a theory, or what military writers usually call a "doctrine," of revolutionary war. However, Sir Robert's doctrine is at no point merely abstract. It is derived throughout from the facts of our epoch, and is kept intimately in touch with the facts.

At the same time, this small book—more precisely, the 98 pages of chapters three to seven—is a brilliant summary history of the postwar period. Historians have made use of many sorts of ligature in their effort to arrange the events they chronicle into a comprehensible sequence: personalities, economic relations, race, technology, climate, religion and so on. Sir Robert tells the global postwar story as a more or less incidental by-product of his primary intent, through his account and analysis of the period's major revolutionary wars: beginning with Greece in 1945 through the "unending succession of such wars in Asia, Africa and Latin America" to the present war in Southeast Asia. Given this patterned thread, the whole history of the period falls into intelligible shape; "revolutionary war" turns out to be the most . . . well, the most *relevant* focus in which to understand what has happened globally since 1945.

Sir Robert notes that there have been and can be revolutionary wars without direct Communist sponsorship or involvement, but that in the case of most revolutionary wars in our century, and nearly all the most important, Com-



munists have in fact either led the revolutionary force from the beginning, or participated in such a way as to take over the leadership if and after the revolutionary victory was won, or have as a minimum—as, for example, in Algeria—gained as a result of revolutionary victory. Thus, though some revolutionary wars have been conducted by

*Revolutionary War in World Strategy
1945-1969*

By Sir Robert Thompson

Taplinger, 171 pp., \$4.59

nationalists or fascists without Communist involvement, "the main characteristics of this new form of war" can be seen most clearly in Communist practice, and the doctrine traced most fully in Communist writings: "To Marx for the original concept of the struggle, to Lenin for the party organization, to Mao Tse-tung for its application to peasant society, to his heir-apparent Marshal Lin Piao for its application to world revolution, to Truong Chinh and General Vo Nguyen Giap for the refinement of its techniques in Vietnam and to Che Guevara for its spiritual appeal to the intellectual youth of the West."

SIR ROBERT REVIEWS the well-known division of revolutionary war into "three distinct phases": building the party organization within the population; gradually expanding guerrilla operations; "when a point of equilibrium with the government has been reached, in effectiveness rather than numbers, then . . . the whole revolutionary movement goes over to the offensive and is prepared to engage in more open warfare until . . . victory is won."

But Sir Robert particularly stresses what is so often misunderstood or concealed: the distinction, as he puts it, between "the aim" (or objective) of the revolutionary cadre and "the cause" of the revolutionary war. The aim of a Communist party (or other revolutionary organization) within a country is "to seize power and to effect a complete change in its system of government and in its social structure." Temporarily, this aim "may have to be more limited by, for example, accepting as a step toward the ultimate aim a form of coalition government. . . . But the ultimate aim will remain and the struggle will continue until it is achieved.

RANDOM NOTES

■ **OUT THIS MONTH:** First two volumes of ex-*New Statesman* editor Kingsley Martin's autobiography. *Father Figures* (Regnery, \$6.50) covers 1897-1931, *Editor* (\$7.50) spans 1931-1945. . . . *Left at the Post* is Nicholas von Hoffman's aptly named collection of his *Washington Post* articles (Quadrangle, \$5.95). . . . *Hope against Hope* is a memoir by Nadezhda Mandelstam about husband Ossip, Russian poet and victim of the Purge in 1938 (Atheneum, \$10).

■ **POLITICS AND PUBLISHING:** American Library Association moving from liberal to radical. Recent convention passed resolution asking ALA to define its "broad social responsibility" for "solving the critical problems of society" and "to take a position for the guidance and support of its members on current critical issues." This is a break from ALA's supposed neutrality, and the turn won't be rightward.

■ **CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS:** Nancy Mitford's *Frederick the Great* boasts 48 color plates and 150 black-and-white photos (Harper, Oct., \$15). Also from Harper, *J. S. Sargent* by his great-nephew, Richard Ormond (96 pages of plates, 32 in color; \$17.50 to Dec. 31, \$20 after). . . . *Four Fabulous Faces* (Garbo, Dietrich, Swanson,

Crawford) is Arlington House's entry in the coffee-table sweepstakes. Text by Larry Carr, graphics by Bob Cato, over a thousand illustrations (Nov., \$40). . . . Last major work of the late Richard Griffith is *The Movie Stars*, with 590 photos (Doubleday, Oct., \$25). . . . *The Great Age of Fresco* by Millard Meiss (Braziller, Sept.) has a pre-Xmas price of \$25, then it's \$30.

■ **OCTOBER TITLES:** Louis Kronenberger collects history's classic putdowns in *The Cutting Edge* (Doubleday, \$5.95). . . . *The Panic Broadcast* by Howard Koch recreates Orson Welles' Halloween trick of 1938 (Little, Brown, \$4.95). . . . Thomas Reeves and ex-conservative Karl Hess urge *The End of the Draft* (Random House, \$6.95; Vintage paperback, \$1.95). . . . Two from Crown: Massimo Salvadori's *A Pictorial History of the Italian People* (\$12.50) has a thousand illustrations, and Douglas Allen's *Frederic Remington and the Spanish-American War* (\$10) blends Richard Harding Davis dispatches with a hundred Remington drawings.

■ **TV:** It's newer than male lib, sweetheart. They call it patriotism. For those mothers in their hard hats, ABC will be running seventeen hours called *America 71*—all red, white and smarmy. CBS will offer a series of ninety-minute shows, *Historic Events in the United States*. NBC will have *From Sea to Shining Sea* plus a ninety-minute special with Duke Wayne.

other areas including Europe. When a country suffers a humiliating defeat it retreats, if nothing else, to lick its wounds. Positive and constructive policies can be carried out only by a country which has all the dynamic thrust of faith in the future and confidence in itself."

On meeting a book that they very much approve, reviewers often end with the remark that *Pinching Pennies* (or whatever) "ought to be read by all divorcées, personnel managers, shoe salesmen or whomever."

It is a boring habit, but I can't resist saying about Thompson's *Revolutionary War* . . . that if Richard Nixon is still serious about avoiding defeat in Vietnam he couldn't do better than to order everybody in the White House, CIA, State Department, USIA and the Pentagon to read this book, and to send complimentary copies to every member of Congress. As for the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee, he should lock its members under armed guard until each had read it twice (three times for Chairman Fulbright) and passed a written exam on its contents.

There is one fact about this little book that I will mention here only to share my astonishment with those old-timers who, without further explanation, will find it as incredible as I do. There is a Foreword by Vera Micheles Dean. □

The party's aim in revolutionary war does not change."

What Sir Robert calls "the cause," however, has nothing of the ultimate about it. "The cause" is adopted or put forward by the revolutionary cadre on an opportunistic basis: whatever goal or "ideal" seems most likely to arouse the masses in the given situation—"national liberation" in the course of the recently completed dissolution of the Western colonial empires, or land reform or anti-racism or "whatever combination of political, economic and social causes can be developed to appeal to particular sections within the community."

SIR ROBERT RECOUNTS the unsuccessful (Greece, Malaya, the Philippines) as well as successful revolutionary wars. From the experiences of both he fills in the definition of those "many features of revolutionary war which differentiate it from other forms of warfare and violent conflict and which entitle it to be classified as a separate, if not an entirely new, form of war"—in the process showing how it differs fundamentally

not only from conventional warfare but also from the coup d'état, rebellion and mere guerrilla or partisan warfare. His analysis of the Greek war is particularly illuminating, but, naturally enough when writing at just this time, he is most concerned with the Vietnam war. His comments on the Vietnam prospects are less optimistic in tone than his public statements last year at the time of his meeting with President Nixon. Although not wholly ruling out a minimum "honorable settlement which would preserve the independence of South Vietnam and any chance of a non-Communist government there," he seems to judge more likely an "unintentional [defeat of the United States] through sustained domestic pressure in an uncomprehending democracy and a continuing process of erosion which would eventually cause a collapse in South Vietnam."

Sir Robert draws the unavoidable conclusion that our Senate doves hide from themselves and us: "It is a fallacy to suppose that the funds and energy devoted to Vietnam would automatically be diverted to solving domestic problems or to supporting foreign policy in

Sexual Politics

By Kate Millett

Doubleday, 393 pp., \$7.95

HOW NOW, KATE ?

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

This book is better—the research thorough (except for Latin phrases), the thinking intelligible, the writing smooth—than the usual female liberation tome. It fails in its purpose—to establish an undue universal domination and exploitation of females by males—but it fails richly and entertainingly, even instructively.

Writers such as Henry Miller, Norman Mailer and D. H. Lawrence are discussed judiciously and perceptively. The selection is biased, of course (why no mention, say, of Eugene O'Neill or Robert Graves?): Miller and Mailer are sitting ducks for feminists; their only flight is from castration fear into pseudo-virility. Some writers have not gone

beyond the phallic stage of development, and rationalize their failure in their writing. Why do their wishful fantasies show that society oppresses females? And wherein does D. H. Lawrence's silly preaching? Is there any reason to take it more seriously than Ezra Pound's ideas on usury? Lawrence, of course, is a great writer—though one wouldn't guess it from *Lady Chatterly's Lover*. The other two are mostly tiresome.

Millett's comments on Freud and Erickson are more to the point and often on target (Erickson usually, Freud occasionally). But the logic is peculiar. If much psychoanalysis or literature rationalizes male superiority wishes, does it follow that what is being rationalized is wrong, or that the argument advanced for it is faulty? Ideas, however convenient they are shown to be for males, and however much advocated for the "wrong" motives, are not thereby shown to be wrong. And if male-produced literature rationalizes putative male-female differences, or supports female roles convenient to males, it does not follow that there are no differences other than anatomical and physiological ones, or that there should be none, or even that the role differentiation elaborated by our culture is inequitable or undesirable.

Again, if an alternative explanation explains as well or better what penis envy is meant to explain, it still does not invalidate, by itself, Freud's explanation: several factors may each be sufficient to explain a particular effect; and they may all be present. I may declare that Miss Millett writes well, just because I like her picture. Does it follow that she does not actually write well? At any rate her logic is odd, one is tempted to say feminine—but the sexist temptation must be resisted.

MISS MILLETT COMPLAINS THAT all major societies are patriarchal (the minor ones which are not, are usually discovered by Margaret Mead) and that explanations of patriarchy are self-serving. But she herself does not explain the phenomenon. She thinks that "functionalist description inevitably becomes prescriptive" (which confuses "possibly" with "inevitably")—wherefore she can not explain why patriarchy is so universal, even though she bewails and berates it for nearly four hundred pages. Nor, although she (rightly) discards some justifications, does Miss Millett thereby or otherwise show patriarchy to be unjust: perhaps God is not an egalitarian

after all, or even a democrat. (According to Holy Writ, He is neither.)

She quotes (at length) Karl Marx' friend Friedrich Engels, ("It is no accident," Marxists might say, that some of her phraseology is "inevitably" Marxian). But Engels' theory of the family is wholly discredited, as she half-heartedly concedes, by the facts which discredit all evolutionist theories, however "dialectical," and economic theories most unequivocally. Miss Millett might have more profitably taken a hint from Marx himself: in his polemic (*The Poverty of Philosophy*) against Proudhon, who described property as "theft," Marx correctly pointed out that "theft" is a moral or legal category, whereas the task was to establish how and why the institution of property came into being and was developed—what its function is.

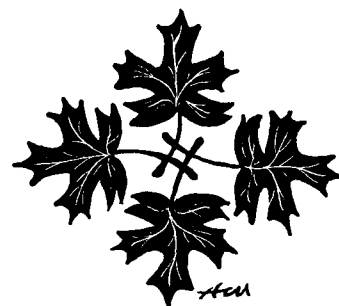
Marx' analysis did not actually go beyond a (disguised) moral statement, his scientific pretensions notwithstanding. But at least he attempted (and here and there succeeded in) a "functionalist description." It did not "inevitably" become prescriptive of the status quo. The prescription (no more inevitable) was for revolution. Her rejection of "functionalist description" makes it impossible for Miss Millett to establish whether, why, wherein and how, women are politically dominated by men. It keeps her misconceiving the relationship as "domination."

Had Miss Millett analyzed her own concepts of the domination of females by males, of the need to liberate females, of males and females as political groups or powers, she might have found that they make as much sense as Hitler's concept of the domination of Germans by Jews ("Germany Awake!"), or C. Wright Mills' dominant "power elite," or my own theory—as easily demonstrated as Miss Millett's—of the domination of society by (short-sighted) men with glasses who occupy all avenues of power. These taxonomic (or biological) groupings—"dominating" or "dominated"—are not politically relevant social groups of any kind. Above all, not in Miss Millett's political-power sense. They do not dominate nor are they dominated as political groups. Males do not cohere, strive in common for power, or hold it in common. They do not act, display subjective political solidarity based on group membership, or have objective common interests outweighing what divides them. Nor do females. (Identification must not be confused

with political position or solidarity.) Which is why history—replete with warfare between actual social and political groups—knows of no collective battle between men and women.

Hitler was right in saying that the Jews in the Weimar Republic were influential beyond their numbers; possibly they did individually "dominate." But Hitler was wrong in believing that they conspired, acted in common, or dominated as a political group, or that (non-Jewish) Germans were dominated by them otherwise. So is Miss Millett wrong about males. They dominate females as men with glasses dominate those without.

ALL CULTURES ELABORATE on the physical differences between the sexes, each in its own way, but nearly all in the patriarchal mode. "Patriarchal," however, covers a multitude of sins and virtues, from legal subjection of females to legal (and actual) equality with males—such as we have in the United States. The elaborations change over time; they respond to variable social factors as well as to constant biological ones. No doubt, role distribution (and definition) in wholly industrialized, urbanized societies must be very different from that of rural society. Females may assume many roles pre-



viously reserved to males and vice versa; the family will change. We are now going through rapid changes and it would be interesting and timely to explore the likely, the possible and the desirable directions.

The idea of *Sexual Politics*—of male and female power-groups struggling with each other—is irrelevant to the problem and likely to hinder serious exploration. It fascinates because it makes unhappiness—wherever it actually originates—meaningful, blames the other sex, and legitimizes hostility. *Sexual Politics* totally misconceives the problem; the more remarkable that Miss Millett has written a rewarding book about it. □

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FICTION

A Reasonable Doubt

By Edgar Smith

Coward-McCann, 376 pp., \$6.95

VIEW FROM THE DEATH HOUSE

D. G. M. COXE

Public fascination with murder trials seems to outlive capital punishment, although the irrevocability of the death penalty lent, until recently, a singular urgency to the process. Amidst the welter of books about murder trials, there are few that analyze the complex interplay between prosecution, defense, judge and jury. This remarkable first novel by a convicted murderer is a valuable addition to the literature on the subject. Edgar Smith was convicted June 4, 1957 of the first degree murder of Vickie Zielinski. He has evaded the executioner by an unparalleled performance as jailhouse lawyer: he currently awaits decision on his *eighteenth* appeal. No condemned man in American history has stayed execution so long without winning acquittal, pardon or reduction in sentence.

Smith described his lonely struggle in the widely praised autobiography *Brief Against Death*, which contained an illuminating introduction by Wm. F. Buckley Jr., who has interested himself in Smith's case since 1962. *NR* readers have been informed from time to time about Smith's progress. At the moment, his chances for a new trial seem brighter because of the Supreme Court's decision (*Greenwalt v. U.S.*), in a case chillingly similar to Smith's, that the appellant deserved a new trial.

A Reasonable Doubt is the account of the murder of a seventeen-year-old girl and the ensuing trial of the man charged with the homicide. The sweaty reality of the trial derives from the close resemblance to the circumstances leading to Smith's conviction.

This is no incondite effusion. It is really two books: an account of the sex-ridden activities of New Jersey subculture, and a documentary of a murder trial conducted in an atmosphere of political decay and public furor. That the first book is unsuccessful is comprehensible in view of the author's total isolation from society for most of his adult life. Not only does the dialogue creak

through this section, it fails to develop the story. The interspersed narrative passages bear nearly the full burden of the plot and characterization.

Once the first arrest is made, the second book begins. The spare, clinical reporting thereafter takes the reader along at a pace that makes him aware of the sluglike speed of justice, without letting his interest in the intricacies of law, lawyers' strategies and evidence flag.

Smith calls the book a novel, presumably using Graham Greene's distinction between novels and entertainments. The theme—the difficulties of the fact-finding process in a corrupt state—is developed into a cogent *ex parte* argument for Smith's own innocence. The reader unfamiliar with Smith's trial will find the book gripping and informative, but there is no doubt of its real purpose: Smith was prosecuted by a man named Calissi, and the book's prosecutor is called Scallise; the gas station owner who figures so prominently in the Smith case was called Tony, whereas his counterpart in the book is nicknamed Tiny. Nowhere on the frontispiece is the usual disclaimer that the events depicted are imaginary and that any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Such an exculpatory statement would be disingenuous for a book that verges on the *roman a clef*.

Surprisingly, the book contains no whining about police brutality or unfairness toward the accused—the sort of tendentiousness that might elicit for Smith the support of the vocal Left. The most sympathetic character is an incorruptible assistant prosecutor who laments, "If nothing else this case is a textbook example of the tremendous difficulties we face in law enforcement these days. It's bad enough that we have to live with Supreme Court rules that are becoming so restrictive that it is damn near impossible to secure the evidence we need to convict—or use it after we get it—but on top of that when we have to work in the atmosphere of pressure the press and public puts on us in these cases, well, it makes us wonder sometimes why the hell we don't just pack up and go back to private practice."

WHEN EDGAR SMITH ENTERED prison he was a near-illiterate. His opsimathy is both astonishing and inspiring. Even if he were rightly convicted—which I reject—it is apparent that his continued imprisonment punishes a different man than the petty perjurer who collapsed under lengthy questioning thirteen years go. Holden Caulfield defined a good

book as one that made him want to meet the author. By this test, *A Reasonable Doubt* is hugely successful.

I tried to meet Edgar Smith once, but his trial judge denied me permission. After finishing this stunning book, I feel even greater resentment at the judge's obduracy. Hopefully, the present legal proceedings will lead in due course to Smith's freedom. Perhaps a higher court will soon conclude that the reasonable doubt about Smith's guilt is enough to permit him to write future books outside a cage. □

The Order of the Death's Head:

The Story of Hitler's SS

By Heinz Höhne, translated by

Richard Barry

Coward McCann, 690 pp., \$12.50

INSIDE THE SS

FRANCIS RUSSELL

No organization of the century seemed more sinister than Hitler's new elite, the SS men in their black uniforms with the silver trim, their runic flashes and death's head insignia. Formed to inspire terror and awe, they passed over Germany and Europe like cold angels of death. In the introduction to his monumental history of the SS, Heinz Höhne writes:

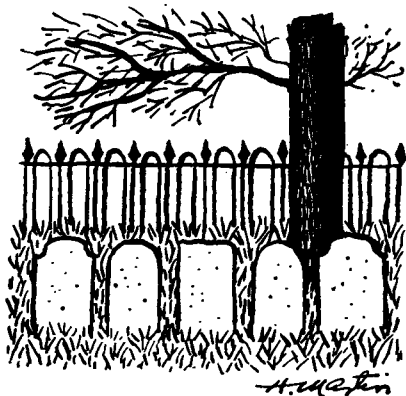
They murdered men in millions. Hardly an aspect of the nation's life seemed safe from their interference; they were in charge of the police and the secret service; they provided the sentries on the Reich Chancellery and the guards in the concentration camps; they manned the divisions which carried the death's-head symbol to Europe; they occupied key positions in agriculture, the health service, racial policy and scientific affairs; they crushed their way into traditional diplomatic festivities; they had their watchdogs among the ministerial bureaucrats.

They called themselves the "Schutzstaffel" [guard echelon SS] of the National Socialist Party and . . . they considered themselves "a new form of religious sect with its own rites and customs."

At its peak the SS encompassed 45,000 officials and employees of the Gestapo, 65,000 security police, 2,800,000 regular police, 40,000 concentration camp guards, and almost a million soldiers of the Waffen or armed forces SS, half of the latter either "racial Germans" or foreigners. In September 1946, the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg declared the SS a criminal organization with suspicion of crime

attached to all those who had been "officially accepted as members."

The Allied judges merely confirmed the common impression. From the outside the SS appeared a monolithic state within the monolithic nation that was Hitler's Thousand Year Reich. Yet, as Herr Höhne amply demonstrates, the monolithic structure was in both cases



a myth. What seemed so formidably ordered, in the Third Reich, as opposed to the disorderly differences of opinion within a parliamentary democratic state, was no more than a caricature of totalitarianism with nothing total but Hitler's erratic will.

THE SAME POWER STRUGGLE that went on among Hitler's satraps went on inside the SS, whose membership was made up of fanatics, lower-class sadists, upper-class careerists, cynical intellectuals, technocrats without ideology and even outright opponents of the regime. As just one example, when Eichmann was dispatching the Jews to the death camps with frenetic zeal, the leaders of the SS economic branch were doing their utmost to preserve the Jews as a source of labor.

Heinrich Himmler, the runty ex-chicken farmer who established the SS and took the title of its Reichsführer, saw himself as Grand Master of a new order of Teutonic Knights based on blood and earth. And though he detested the church, he modeled the discipline of his order on that of the Jesuits. Yet in the last analysis his power was based on the caprice of Hitler whom he regarded with awe as "the world's greatest brain," and for all the positions of power that his SS was able to pre-empt he could never overcome the Party and the Wehrmacht. Inherently the SS was a contradiction: Hitler wanted a blindly obedient guard; Himmler wanted a new order of chivalry. "Beware your prae-

torian guard!" was the advice that Spengler gave Hitler on his assumption of power, and the dictator seems never to have forgotten it. If there was one guiding principle beneath the rubble of his thought, it was never to let any one subordinate get too powerful.

In its beginning the SS was no more than Hitler's bodyguard, then in its expansion a Party police force that finally showed its teeth in the Roehm purge of 1934. The original SS had been made up of unemployed officers from World War I, a scattering of intellectuals soured by the economic crisis of the late Twenties, and lower-middle-class party veterans. But, early in the Third Reich, Himmler, pursuing his concept of an elite, turned to the old ruling class of Junkers and financiers both for financial support and for officer material. Some of the most famous names in Prussian/German military history soon appeared on the SS roster, designated as Obergruppenführer (Lieutenant General), Brigadeführer (Brigadier General) and Oberführer (Colonel). Nothing could better demonstrate the bankruptcy of the Junker caste than the willingness of the bearers of generation-proud names to assume the bizarre SS rank designations.

Himmler, the crackpot visionary of blood and soil, presided over an organization that in the end absorbed the most contradictory elements. His intelligence service not only became aware of plots against Hitler, but at times maneuvered with the conspirators. His Waffen-SS, meant to rival the army, would for all its ruthlessness eventually be drawn back to the army's traditions. Some of his generals would even come to defy him. His technicians would go their way impervious to dogma. And so out of touch with reality was he himself that in the Reich's last days he imagined that the Western powers would find him an acceptable alternative to Hitler.

THE SS WILL NO DOUBT be remembered longest as a mass killer, the Jews being the chief, though not the only, victims. Yet, as Herr Höhne points out, until 1940 it was SS policy to expel the Jews, a policy that the SS intelligence service personnel were willing to pursue in close cooperation with Zionist organizations. Nor did the SS originate the extermination policy, however efficiently it later organized it. Thousands of Jews might have escaped before then, but for the immigration barriers maintained by Great Britain and the United States.

The Order of the Death's Head is a massive book for which one must be grateful to the author. So many misconceptions are at last corrected, so much light shed into hitherto dark corners. Herr Höhne, the head of *Der Spiegel's* foreign desk, was able to examine the vast former secret archives of the SS as well as private diaries never before made public. If there is one moral to be drawn from his complicated though engrossing narrative it is this: The worst enemies of mankind are the fanatic abstractionists. Unamuno wrote that at the core of every belief is disbelief. The abstractionist attempts to externalize his inner disbelief by killing those who refuse to accept his dogmatic abstractions—whether these abstractions are the nonsense of National Socialist ideology, the bizareries of the SS Teutonic order, the fake-science of Marxism, the National Communism of Ho Chi Minh, or even the unity of some African pseudo-nation. The Third Reich disintegrated 25 years ago. Unfortunately the abstractionists are still with us. □

NATO: The Transatlantic Bargain
By Harlan Cleveland

Harper, 204 pp., \$6.50

IMPONDERABLE ALLIANCE

BRENTON H. SMITH

The North Atlantic Treaty of Alliance of 1949 was something new in the history of diplomacy. Very new. Its necessary and unwitting promoters were two infamous dictators, one dead, the other quite alive—namely Adolf Hitler, who convinced civilized people that appeasement or neutrality in the face of aggression was futile, and Joseph Stalin, who convinced pretty much the same people that he was simply Hitler all over again in the service of a different fanaticism. In unprecedented fashion the alliance brought together a group of twelve powers, most of whom, including the United States and Britain, had prided themselves previously on their historic ability to avoid peacetime entanglements.

However important NATO may be, it cannot be called the move that blocked Stalin in Europe. Stalin had already been blocked. A succession of preliminary

developments such as the Marshall Plan, the Truman Doctrine, and the failure of the Berlin blockade apparently convinced him that a strong anti-Soviet alliance already existed in fact and that for the time being adventure outside of Europe would be less risky and more profitable. Well before the signing of the NATO pact, Stalin was so hesitant about Europe that he rejected force as a means of bringing down the rebellious Tito. This is far from saying that NATO was superfluous in 1949 or has become so since. Former United States Ambassador to NATO, Harlan Cleveland, has few doubts about the matter. His case is clear and firm. As long as the Soviet Union clings to a policy of pressing on with the worldwide class struggle, the Western nations must remain effectively united. Otherwise, though perhaps safe for the present, when Communist energy is centered upon the "underdeveloped world," they may once again be in danger whenever the Kremlin decides to renew its drive in what it must still regard as the main theater of action.

CLEVELAND IS PLAINLY CORRECT in stressing the distortion that takes place in the picture of international relations when NATO is treated as if it were standing in opposition to the Warsaw pact powers. NATO's real adversary is the Soviet Union, of which the Warsaw pact is a mere creature. The problem for the West would be appreciably larger or smaller if there were no Warsaw pact at all. NATO, by contrast, is a genuinely free partnership, the health of which depends upon real agreement or consultation among member states. Even though NATO has a theoretically limited province of common action, the United States has for many years realized that apparently external problems such as the Middle East and Southeast Asia can be of vital interest to NATO. Hence it has consultation with NATO on almost any occurrence in world affairs. It reaches agreement with NATO on matters directly dealing with the defense of Europe.

NATO is the biggest peacetime alliance in modern history, very probably the biggest in all history. Its maintenance of a standing multinational army has created a kind of strength never known in the history of earlier alliances. And yet in one vital way NATO is less well coordinated than many of those alliances. It is so absorbed in the job of preventing a general war that it really

has no detailed strategy to be implemented in case such a war occurs anyhow. Since the demise of "massive retaliation" NATO has not been able to get beyond a nebulous concept known as "phased response" and even this is mostly designed to frighten the Soviets out of their aggressiveness by convincing them that aggression will lead gradually but inevitably to complete holocaust. One may only guess that in case of war the initial phase would involve resistance by conventional forces, and if this phase is to be effective, especially in a deterrent sense, the level of these forces must be kept high. Otherwise, the Soviets will be encouraged to think that full quick military conquest without a nuclear finale is attainable. So there is nothing that Cleveland fears more than the premature reduction of NATO forces. Yet because of the spread of "détente fever" the public pressure for reduction has been almost irresistible.

Cleveland would have improved upon an otherwise able commentary by trying to view his problem here in some kind of twentieth-century perspective. During World War I and especially World War II the democratic powers made the mistake of supposing that Germany was the one evil, the one danger, in the world. Many dubious policies were the product of that ideological fury. By contrast, during the period of the cold war the democratic powers have moved toward another extreme of foolishness and have spasmodically fallen for the tempting delusion that there really is no enemy at all. Peoples and nations in this state of naïveté will eventually refuse to support any costly military establishment abroad or even at home. And why shouldn't they? □

TELEVISION

MOM ALWAYS LOVED THEM BEST

DAVID BRUDNOY

Maybe a price we must pay for commercial television is that we again put up with the fraternal bores for a few months, so that when they're dumped this time, everybody will know it's because *they* are dreadful and not because of their "politics." The Brothers Smothers are back, flaunting their tackiness as if they'd

learned nothing the first time. Their new comedy hour, like the old one, predictably chomps into something and relentlessly, joylessly, gums it to death. They have an instant-down effect on every segment of their show in which they appear, rather like Ed Sullivan without Sullivan's charm.

There's obviously some schizophrenic programming going on in Smothersland: somebody with smarts signing on the real talent, like songwriters Harry Nilsson and Mac Davis, the Supremes-like Sunday's Child, comedian Pat Paulsen, and superb short films like *Why Man Creates* and *American Time Capsule*, all doing fine without the Smotherses mucking up the show; and somebody else—the Brothers?—mushing it to us with too many minutes' worth of yesterday's nymphets (Nancy Sinatra, Marlo Thomas, Sally Struthers), treasured bits of Americana (Ted Mack and a baton twirler), gracelessly aging Peter Lawford types, and the Brothers' own awful, endless bits.

The Smotherses don't recognize their only real ability, which is hiring people who can hire people with ability. And so, unlike Sullivan, who has the good sense to appear on screen as little as possible, the Brothers are on much of the time, dragging what might be a passably amusing three-minute skit into as many weeks as the viewers can take it, and then some. They have made their tedious career out of transmogrifying Laurel-and-Hardy slapstick into the dumb-dumb Tommy and snippy Dickie snapping routine which, once seen, is seen enough. This is the Smothers shtick; the causes come and go.

THEIR CURRENT THING IS Middle America, cornball hee-haw and all that. This year, see, they've got this dummy and this hardhat—clever, clever Brothers—and the dummy and the hardhat just sort of sit there and Make a Statement, I think it's called. It's a very muted statement, of course, because they have Been Muzzled, or so they whimpered on the first show of the current season. This way they cover their tracks, leading the gullible to think their act is dull because the ABC censor has out-CBSed the old CBS censor.

But that notion, which several TV critics have already fallen for, doesn't hold up very well; to assume that the Smothers boys are colossal bores only because they're not constantly playing *Damn the War and Up with Grass*, is to

THE

university

The University Bookman is a quarterly edited by Russell Kirk. Each issue is devoted to the restoration and improvement of the standards of higher education in America. Most of the articles for this quarterly concentrate on two topics: the reviewing of university and college textbooks; and the sensible criticism of educational theory and practice today. Every **National Review** subscriber gets **The University Bookman** free. Others may subscribe at \$2.00 a year. Subscriptions and editorial correspondence should be sent to:

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forget that they're no worse now than they ever were. Now as before, it's others who give the program whatever class it musters from time to time. Pat Paulsen, for instance, who didn't make it with his own show, is back carrying this one. His beautiful put-down of Women's Lib was a clever goof on sexual "freedom" and the leftist knee-jerk syndrome, demonstrating clearly that a good satirist can successfully make sport of anything, whatever his own views. The Brothers themselves seem to be in agony unless they're using the airwaves to shove their very own socio-political whimsy down the viewers' throats.

I DOUBT VERY MUCH that they'll last beyond the end of their current run. The moaners and groaners, who spy a Spiro behind everything, will blame the Brothers' almost certain demise on the alleged network-imposed constraint. These people will miss the point entirely, as such types usually do, that the main purpose of TV is to entertain and not to preach. Exhibit A is "educational" TV, which with few exceptions is a pain, and couldn't possibly survive without massive injections of foundations' funds and "public" money. Exhibit B is comedy itself, a commodity that the humorless TV educationalists are absolutely unable to produce. The commercial networks, on the other hand, have best succeeded in that genre with hard-hitting wit of the *Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In* variety, which slashes happily away at everything, Left and Right. *Laugh-In* is consistently more "offensive," in terms of subject matter, than anything ever seen on any Smothers hour. But *Laugh-In* does it with such gleeful impartiality, such obliviousness to an ideological hammering home of a particular brand of truth, that everybody takes his lumps and knows that in a minute the other guy's idols will be smashed too. The vast majority of TV viewers, those at least who watch comedy programs, want to have fun. They don't want to participate in crusades in their living-rooms at ten at night.

With the inevitable triumph of cable TV, there'll be so many channels that anyone's specialized tastes will find gratification at least some of the time. There'll be plenty of opportunity for those who want to watch Paul Newman chide American racism, or Shelly Winters gush about ecology. The People, however, (and I don't mean just the *Lumpenproletariat*), whose medium television truly is, want to be diverted, titillated, teased.

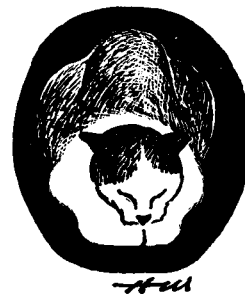
In short, they want lively music (there's so much good rock that even the Smothers boys have booked some); biting comedy (and who's muzzling David Frye or David Steinberg?); pretty people having fun (Sunday's Child could instill soul in Governor Maddox, whereas the glum, pouting Smothers Brothers are guaranteed turn-offs). This doesn't mean that other kinds of programs don't have their place. Want a sermon? Walter Cronkite's at the ready every night. Over-exuberant, indiscriminate adoration of everything in sight? There's always David Frost. Ruptured aortas? Susskind's still bleeding. Uninformed pseudo-intellectuality? For millions of folks at 12:30 A.M., Johnny Carson is the next best thing to making love. But comedy, prime-time comedy, is the real star on the tube, year in, year out. *Laugh-In* has mastered it. The Smothers Brothers probably never will. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE REDISCOVERY OF BLACK NATIONALISM, by Theodore Draper (Viking, 211 pp. \$5.95). *The Rediscovery of Black Nationalism* is a precise book with an imprecise title. From the (generally white-sponsored) Back-to-Africa movements of Jefferson's time to the hate-sodden irrationalities of the Panthers, black nationalism has been part of the American scene. Hence, it is hard to "rediscover" what, unfortunately, was never lost. Like most faiths, black nationalism functions best when slightly out of focus. As a fuzzy abstraction, it lends itself to all manner of slogan chanting and heavy emotional hoopla. But, whenever attempts are made to concretize and delineate it, black nationalism's inherent contradictions stick out like guns on a campus. These contradictions naturally emanate from the basic false premise of racial collectivism—that men are not individuals, but bits of a big chromatic blob, held together by the mystique of pigmentation. Draper's semi-formal history bears this out, by studying the theoreticians of black nationalism—those who've attempted to put meat on the rickety bones of the idea. He shows how these theoreticians have gotten hopelessly hung up on "nations," "colonies," "enclaves," etc., until the whole thing seemed lost in a web of esoteric confusion, salvaged only by the totalitarian fiat of contemporary nationalists and the twitching acquiescence of too many white liberals. It is symptomatic of the philosophical mess America is in today, that black nationalism is considered a viable alternative, not just by the nutburgers and the streetcorner Hitlers, but by congressmen and academicians. One of the most telling parts of the

book, the penultimate chapter on Black Studies, almost transcends belief. From the white college presidents (who traded in their backbones for gelatinous tubes of guilt) to Negro teachers who call for such things as "black mathematics," the sad spectacle of cowardice defaulting to ignorance is trenchantly displayed.

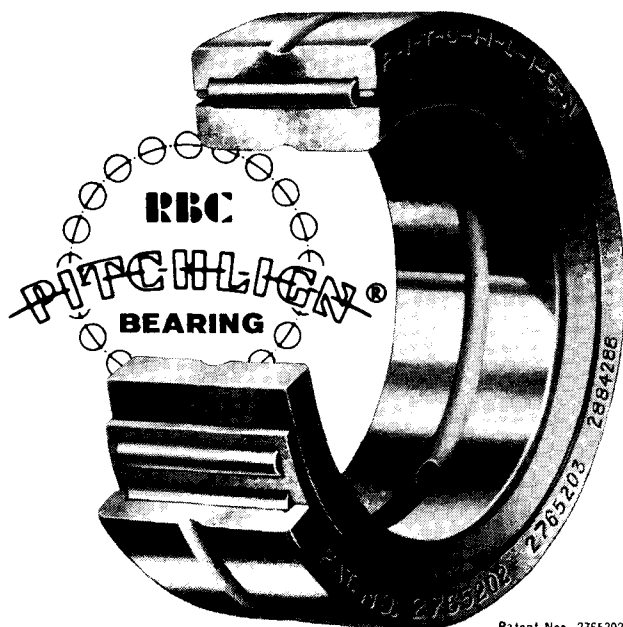
J. D. KIRWAN



THE LAST PHARAOH, FAROUK OF EGYPT, by Hugh McLeave (McCall, 314 pp., \$7.95). "Each of us," observed the Aga Khan, "is . . . composed of many diverse and conflicting elements; seldom in one human being has the mingling been more complex and more contradictory than in this ill-starred yet amiable and talented king." Not many of those who knew the late King Farouk of Egypt spoke so kindly of him, yet, after reading Hugh McLeave's new biography, one is inclined to go along with the wise Aga—at least half way. Mr. McLeave writes a story that is interesting on two planes. It is primarily personal, a study in the decay of an individual who was incapable of meeting the challenges he was born to. In itself, this is story enough, for Farouk emerges as a royal Caliban, half pitiful, half grotesque, and very much the victim of circumstances. McLeave goes even further, maintaining that, beyond circumstances, a serious glandular condition deserves much of the blame for the mountainous monarch's physical bulk and excessive appetites. His case is speculative, but, glands aside, Farouk in retrospect seems more an object of pity than horror, anyway. The second plane of interest is historical. With a world on the brink of war over the Middle East, it is ironic to recall how makeshift and accidental was the coup that launched Nasser toward power and sent poor, flabby Farouk packing. The whole thing was a third-rate imitation of the Young Turk movement, badly acted, and there is some doubt whether the wretched *fellahin* of 1970 find life much different than at the nadir of Farouk's admittedly seamy reign. After the smoke had cleared and the coup was complete, Farouk summed it up with surprising lucidity. "The Soviet Union," he said, "could do no more in Europe so it had to turn to Africa. It wanted a free hand in Egypt so that it could take over the rest of North Africa, carry out a huge pincer movement and make the Mediterranean a Russian lake." The plan seems to be working.

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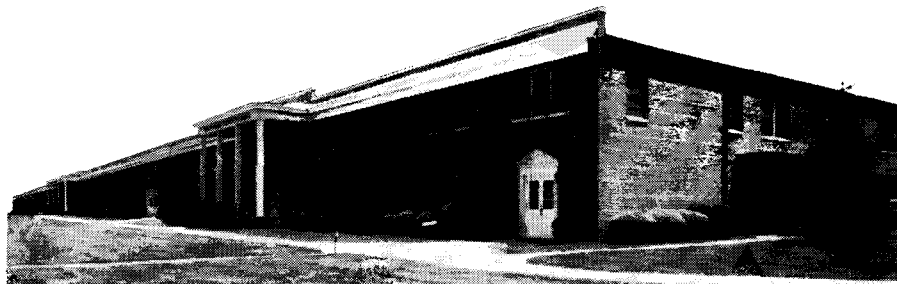


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LETTERS

(Continued from page 979)

Not Fulbright-Proof

It is beautiful to see NATIONAL REVIEW perfectly in agreement with Senator Fulbright. This could only happen in connection with Israel. That country is to be stripped of her hard-earned gains of 1967. She is to be given in return an absolutely worthless guarantee of her borders by the great powers of the United States. We may recall that the U.S. guaranteed Israel's use of the Suez Canal many moons ago. We guaranteed access to the Straits of Tiran, the Gulf of Aqaba, etc. Not a voice or a finger was raised to help Israel when Nasser closed the Gulf in 1967, precipitating the Six-Day war. Right now, the U.S. is clearly failing to live up to its promise of preventing a missile build-up during the cease-fire period. In a word—our word is no good.

The tragedy in the Middle East is not just Israel's. She is assaulted by Russia and the Arabs and pressured by the Western democracies who seem incapable of learning anything from Chamberlain's success at Munich. The result of all this is going to be a Russian take-over of the entire Middle East in very short order. It is understandable for William Fulbright, who favors a U.S. defeat in Asia, to favor a Russian take-over in the Middle East. But how NATIONAL REVIEW has come to this brilliant position mystifies me.

MRS. JACK HIRSHLEIFER

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Now, let's see . . .

You've been had!

You should know better than to carry an item from a newspaper, especially the *Washington Post*, without checking it out. The August 25 issue ["The Week"] quotes portions of a story about some children in Omaha schools with learning problems which can be charitably described as about equal portions of inaccuracy and paranoia.

About 5 to 10 per cent of the children in Omaha, as they do all over the country, have some difficulty in learning, particularly the basic tools of reading and writing. This difficulty may derive from various factors. A small percentage of this group may be helped, some strikingly, with the adjunctive use of some medication like Ritalin or amphetamine, given under careful supervision. These medications have been used with benefit in helping children with learning problems for several years, not just in Omaha, but all over the country.

Dr. Oberst, whom you quoted, did not say that 5 to 10 per cent of Omaha school-children were on drugs, but only that that number had learning problems. The percentage of those taking medication is not known, since the children are under the supervision of their own physicians. The schools do not administer a "program," nor give the children any medication. The fact that some amphetamine users are turning to Ritalin is not germane to the matter.

Ritalin, like amphetamine, is not used in children for mood elevation, but as sedative for restless, hyperactive behavior which interferes with the child's ability to pay attention.

The sensationalism in the article is the stuff that demagogues feed on. Already a congressman has called for an investigation, and a candidate for the Nebraska legislature has termed the affair "sinister," and suggests a conspiracy between drug companies, school officials, and that old arch-villain, the AMA etc.

I will bet you a year's subscription that Dr. Oberst never said what was attributed to him in the last sentence of the paragraph. It doesn't make sense.

Norfolk, Calif. THAYER A. SMITH M. D.

We're checking.

—ED.

How Long, O How Long?

James Burnham suggests [September 8] that the liberals "have lost their self-confidence" and that their "will to power . . . becomes inverted into self-hatred . . ." Isn't that a little too simple? Remember that those doctrinaire liberals stand at the peak of a complex power-structure encompassing most of the news media, the academy, the Washington bureaucracy. Through these and other tools, the liberals have had things pretty much their own way for decades, and over the years the liberal influence has acquired quite a lot of momentum. That momentum alone is enough to keep liberalism going for years and years more.

Greenpoint, N.Y.

F. F. LOPORTO

Passions Mounting

Harold O.J. Brown has written a misleading piece concerning the Oberammergau Passion Play [August 25], which he apparently viewed. I too sat through the five-and-a-half hour presentation; my conclusions were somewhat different from Mr. Brown's concerning the obvious anti-semitic undercurrents in the play. Unlike him I was not deluded by the erroneous idea that the Passion Play is a word-by-word enactment of the New Testament, specifically the Gospels. Because of his delusion, Mr. Brown contends that if you believe the play is anti-semitic, then you must accept the fact that the New Testament is similarly anti-semitic. Such a premise has been nicely refuted by Sister Louis Gabriel of London, who condemns the Passion Play not only for its anti-semitism, but for distorting the New Testament.

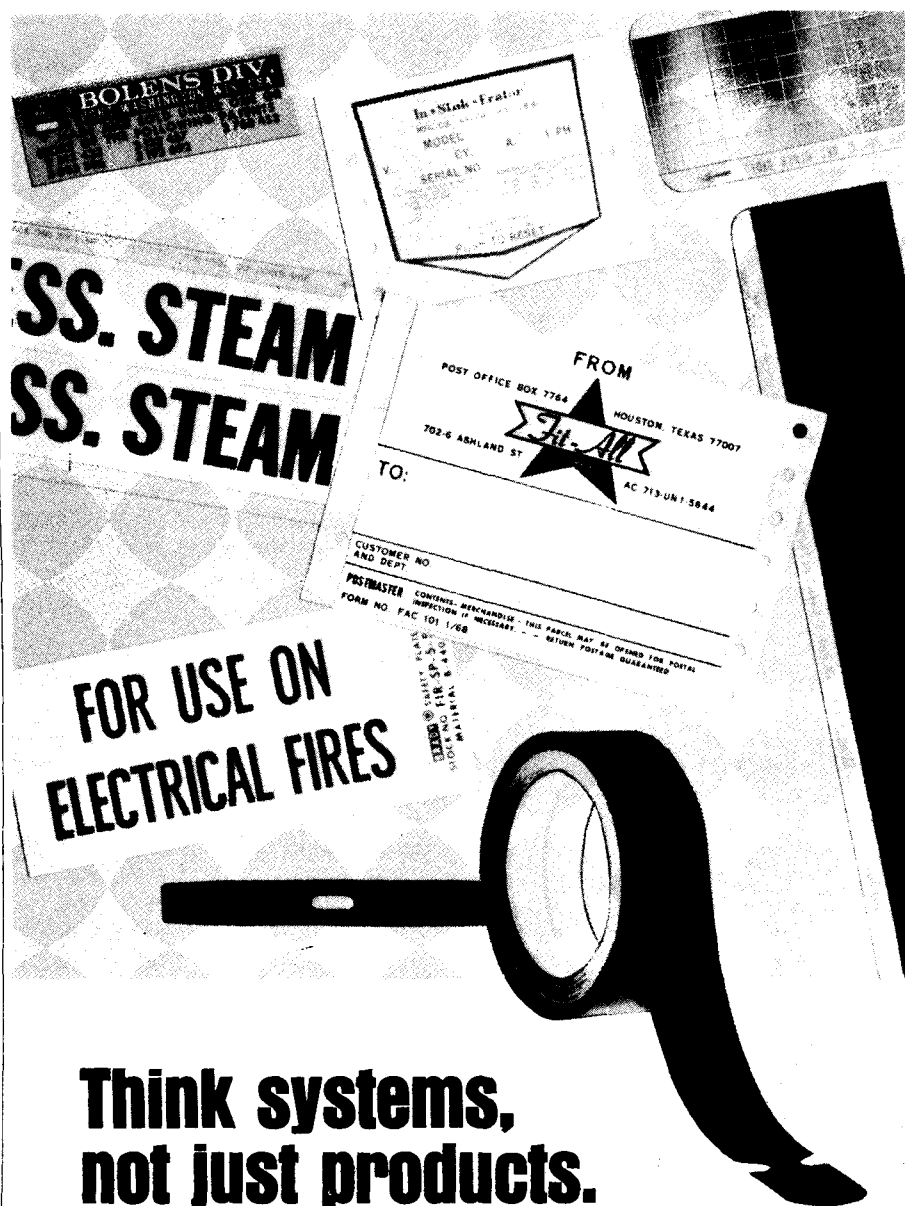
Those who denounce the Passion Play do so not because of a "willingness to invent charges to protect one's privileges," which Mr. Brown believes motivates the Jewish community regarding the Passion Play, but rather in criticism of the Oberammergau community for its "willingness" to invent episodes and incidents, allegedly from the New Testament, which "protect" certain age-old and discredited attitudes of anti-semitism.

OWEN S. RACHLEFF

Director European Affairs

New York, N.Y.

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Reader's letter to *New York News*.

I don't know why President Nixon has so much trouble selecting a suitable judge for the Supreme Court. All he needs is a nominee with as much respect for judicial restraint as Earl Warren, as ethical as Abe Fortas, as moral as William Douglas, and as impartial as Thurgood Marshall.

TIERNEY

(Continued from page 998)

good, just so it's different. The Establishment sells you every badge of your rebellion: the Beatles, blue jeans, love beads, Dylan, sandals, amplifiers, day-glo. Walk into any snob jewelry store. They'll sell you a Peace tie tack. In gold. Look at drugs. Acid is an Establishment discovery. The crime industry produces heroin. Who do you think manufactures amphetamines? Indians in Mexico? Buddhist monks?

"Who cares? Dig it, we're changing the culture values. We're leaders."

"Are you all leaders? Who are the leaders of the leaders? The Chicago bunch? Seale is the only man among them and he's in jail. The rest are making money with Establishment publishers and lecture bureaus. There's no dough in the underground. Opportunity corrupts integrity. Poet Ginsberg understands money. The slicks publish him. How about the rock groups? They fought over money at Woodstock, but the film doesn't show that. They sing revolution. Revolution for you, not for them. Just buy those records. I have a feeling McCartney finally understood, and that's what disgusted him."

"You don't dig anything but bread."

"Yes, I do. I'm just telling you to beware the golden rebel who pretends to be what he is not. At least I don't do that. I wouldn't invite Panthers to a cocktail party, hear them out and then patronize them by saying, 'I dig.' I live in a de facto segregated neighborhood here on Nantucket and at home, but I don't call for buses in the public schools like some of our neighbors. I have a thought. Why don't you transfer out of the Ivy League and go to CCNY?"

"You have a real funky mind," Jeremy said.

"Ah," said Mr. Clean. He got up, shouldered his surf rod and pulled the sand spike. "Let's go home," he said. "The tide's rising." He started to fold the towel, shook sand from it, his back to the wind. He turned and said, "Jeremy, why don't you do something really radical? Why don't you invent the family?"

"Peace," Jeremy said. □

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CAPP

(Continued from page 996)

California college. The purpose of BS Identification is to monitor all lectures and seminars, all teach-ins, sit-ins and bend-overs, and especially all speeches by visitors such as William Sloane Coffin, and identify the BS that's flung around in them.

Now no one should be denied the right to spread BS—especially William Sloane Coffin—it would be comparable to imposing a vow of silence on him—but no one should be denied the right to identify the BS Princeton students are being stuffed with for what it is.

And then a course in Love. Not the sort of Love the professional Love people—those who wear love beads, carry love flowers, flourish love signs—not the sort of Love they have any affection for. I mean Love of America.

It should be a course that doesn't overlook America's foolishness, but that will also look at America's greatness.

It should be a course that doesn't overlook America's history of callousness to some of its own, but that will also look, and with reverence, at our history of generosity to the humble and the hopeless of the world, a record no other nation, ever, has matched.

Basic love of country won't be an easy course to get any big academic name to teach. Becoming known for Love of Country isn't the way you become a big name in academic circles—not lately.

Once, after I spoke at Penn State, a student came up to me, shook my hand, and said, "Mr. Capp, it took courage to tell an audience of students you love America."

I've never been paid a compliment that made me sadder. Have the faculty Fagins and the young they've BS'ed into lunacy made our campuses places where it now takes courage for an American to tell other Americans he loves America?

I don't think so. I think our young want to hear the truth; and the truth is that America is, for all its faults, the loveliest and most livable of all nations; and that Americans are, for all their errors, the most generous and Christian of all people. And what makes it that isn't anything we found here. It's something we created here—it is the freedom we have to forever repair and renew America—not in the way of the Fagins and the lunatics—the way of hate and hysteria, but the way of patience and persuasion, the way of thinking men. □

PETER

(Continued from page 1001)

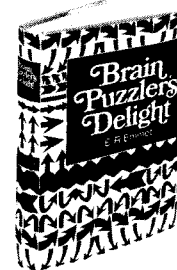
whelming majority of the people were shocked beyond expression by the cold-blooded killing of a father of nine. What had happened, was not only inhuman, it was utterly un-Uruguayan, a national disgrace. And there were still two hostages in the hands of the terrorists. People began doing something Uruguayans never do; they began cooperating with the police.

"In the name of God and the Holy Virgin I implore you," wept Maria Aparecida Gomide, wife of the Brazilian consul, "give me my husband back, we have six children, have compassion, please, the Brazilian government will thank you and help you, I promise, please, please. . . ." It was a terrible scene. In the courtyard of the Uruguayan police headquarters, Mrs. Gomide stood in front of the nine high-ranking Tupamaros, six men and three women, who had been captured on August 7. Sendic was among them. Sobbing on the verge of a breakdown, she begged for her husband's life. Stony silence, they didn't even glance at her.

More than a month later, the fate of Gomide and Fly is still uncertain. □

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Back to School

On The Right

New York, Sept. 4—Concerning the situation in the South, a few comments:

1. It is difficult to conclude otherwise than that Mr. Nixon is out to make an historical point. Six months after Northern liberals stood up on the floor of the Senate and confessed that coercive integration in the schools is a failure, shock troops of a conservative Administration are descending upon the South in order to enforce there what has proved unenforceable in the North.

Why did he do it? To say that he did it because the courts in effect required him to do it is unsatisfactory. It may be too late in the day for an American President to say: The Supreme Court has made its decision, now let it enforce it. But there are other ways of reasoning with the courts, and gently interposing between them and the abstraction which so bedevils them at the moment, so as to spare the South that which the North finds unacceptable. And anyway, it was a branch of the Executive, not of the Judiciary, that ruled during the summer against the tax deductibility of the private schools which have proliferated in protest against school busing. No, what Mr. Nixon has reacted to is the force of that Eastern seaboard liberalism which Mr. Agnew so poignantly complains about. The opinion-makers have said that we must have integrated schooling, that any slowdown in that program is nothing less than moral temporizing. So, Mr. Nixon has calculated, let's get on with it, and see what happens.

2. What will happen is: a great deal of commotion, as the Waring Mixer is applied. And then, resettlement; much as before. The lesson of the last sixteen years is that the courts are dealing with forces that will not be dealt with in this way. Those who believe that to submit to those forces is to submit to historicism, deny themselves the satisfaction they are entitled to. In fact, the Negro people are making great progress. And as they progress, they care less about form, preferring matter. That is the reason why the Negroes, for instance in Harlem, have over the past half-dozen years ceased to clamor for integrated schools, demanding instead improved schools. What

everyone desires could have been achieved in a different way.

The trouble is that Mr. Nixon's campaign is going to cause bad feelings. None of the liberals who exhort Mr. Nixon to energetic activity in the South cares at all that Mr. Nixon will be hurt there. For the young lawyers from the Justice Department who are down there telling the people how their children should be educated, it is simply too good to be true—simultaneously to serve their fanatical visions *and* to hurt Richard Nixon. Mr. Nixon's popularity in the South dropped thirteen points in one month. That is mere earnest money on what he stands to lose by his draconian measures. How ironic, that Bobby Kennedy declined to come out for busing in New York City, and now Richard Nixon requires busing in Mobile, Alabama.

3. One must hope that violence will not ensue. The conservatives in the past few years have won considerable respect from the public identification of violence as an instrument of the Left. The memory of New Orleans mothers jeering little Negro children stains America all but indelibly, and will be expiated only by great acts of corporate generosity. Violence, in today's tinderbox, is to be avoided *at all costs*. One hopes that the television newsmen will themselves show a little restraint, avoiding the temptation to magnify each and every incident during the next few weeks into a major confrontation, such as could bring back the fires of Watts, Newark and Detroit. Meanwhile, let us hope the Supreme Court, which we are due to hear from one of these days, will approve a guideline that doesn't look as though it was written by John Brown. □

THE NEW APPROACH

New York, Sept. 6
—Gerald Cohen, a 27-year-old graduate student at the University of Wisconsin, has been working for his doctorate which he had expected to get about a year from now, but now it will be delayed. For just how long, it is too early to say, because it will take weeks, perhaps even months, ex-

actly to assess the damage done to him by the explosion that all but destroyed the mathematics and physics building ten days ago at Madison, killing one student, and maiming another, destroying several million dollars' worth of equipment, and a dozen lifetimes' scholarly research.

Mr. Cohen is recorded as having said, "It's just stupid—why pick on us? The thing that really galls us is that we don't have anything to do with it [Vietnam]—we're just as much against the war as they are."

I suppose under the stress of the circumstances one should forgive Mr. Cohen an inexactitude which, were it committed in the field of physics, would have got him tossed out of a freshman course. He seems to be saying that the blowing up of buildings and the killing of people provided it is established that said people and buildings serve military and paramilitary purposes is one thing, to do that to people who are against the war is another. He is of course quite wrong. Dean Rusk is entitled to the identical protections that William Fulbright is entitled to.

It takes only a moment's reflection to consider what are the consequences of Cohen's Law. If those who oppose the war should feel free in conscience to destroy those who support the war, then those who support the war might, by analogous reasoning, feel free in conscience to destroy those who oppose the war. It would be a dreadful pity if, Mr. Cohen having spent months and months reconstituting his research, a Weatherman faction of Young Americans for Freedom should blow it up again, in punishment for Mr. Cohen's refusal to support the national war effort.

One can hope that he, and his fellow graduate students—and the senior professors whose indulgence of the fanatics who are disrupting the campuses—will recognize that they are, in many ways, victims of themselves, even as the German people were, many of them, victimized by their own early indulgences of Hitler. There are those who, closely observing the inflections of the revolutionary underground press, believe that the revolutionists are themselves slightly

awed by the universal dismay that followed the bombing. They are—again, some of them—wondering whether the indiscriminate terrorism of which that bombing was an example is really paying off. After all, nobody at all was mad at Mr. Cohen, or at his colleagues who were killed or hospitalized; or even at his professors, who were engaged in purely intellectual research.

I am advised that in recent weeks the new heroes of the New Left are the Tupamaros, who recently abducted, and then slaughtered, a United States official in Uruguay. That sounds very good to our revolutionists. After all, the American was held hostage, and his liberty was promised on the condition that the Uruguay government would release 160 political prisoners. When he was killed, what was the world bereft of? Merely an agent of the United States Military-Industrial colonialist enterprise, so who should mourn his passing? Why not—the thinking goes—kidnap say the local CIA-recruiter, hold him hostage demanding, say, freedom for the local Black Panthers who are imprisoned, and then shoot him if they are not released? By doing that, in the style of the Tupamaros, you do not offend the sentiment of—if not exactly Mr. Cohen, those who take Mr. Cohen's reasoning to logical extremes.

The Tupamaros, of course, did not discover abduction as an instrument of revolution or of terrorism. Neither did the North Vietnamese, although it is they who have practiced that art most extensively in recent years. And it is they who teach that art in an institute located near Hanoi to students of revolution the world over. Those who continue to cling to the kindergarten superstition that what is going on in South Vietnam is a civil war, would do well to explain why the principal sponsor of that war, North Vietnam, bothers to maintain an institute which teaches other Asiatics—and Africans, and South Americans—how to use kidnapping as an instrument of blackmail and terrorism.

So that we can expect a refinement in the art of native revolutionizing, in the months ahead. We shall certainly need a refinement in the art of counter-revolutionizing. □

THE OLD DEBATE

New York, Sept. 10—Mr. Charles Lindbergh has raised the memory of an old and fierce debate of yesteryear, which to the extent that it survived, sees now the old political camps exactly changed in their positions. When Mr. Lindbergh was the principal advocate for staying out of the

European war, he spoke out of a general and particular position: he thought it wrong for the United States to become involved in the foreign affairs of other people; and he thought it wrong to go to war in Europe in the current circumstances. Those who greatly favored entering the war, roughly speaking the Eastern seaboard liberal establishment, now seem increasingly to occupy the position for which Mr. Lindbergh spoke then. It is they who most profoundly doubt the wisdom, for instance, of any American intervention in Vietnam, while those who fought alongside Charles Lindbergh are, most of them, convinced that the Communist menace needs to be contained by the only country in the world in the position to contain it.

NOW MR. LINDBERGH HAS NOT specifically invited us to reopen the controversy of the late Thirties and Forties. What happened is that he kept a journal during those years—a monstrously detailed journal 1,000 pages of which are now being published. He was of course asked by his editors to comment on whether he now has any doubts about the crusade he led to keep us out of the war, and Mr. Lindbergh answers that he has every reason to believe that going to war may have proved a fatal error, on the grounds that the war killed millions of young men the loss of whose genetic contributions to their generation and successive generations is incalculable; that the war brought the premature end of the British Empire; that the war institutionalized the enslavement of East Europe, and propelled Communist Russia and then Communist China towards apocalypse, hydrogen bombs in hand.

The big question, of course, is whether Mr. Lindbergh is talking about the necessary consequences of American entry into the Second World War; or whether the bad ends he described were the result of a failure in Western statecraft. Along comes Mr. James MacGregor Burns, completing his masterwork on Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the last volume of which he provocatively called *Roosevelt: Soldier of Freedom, 1939-1945*. Mr. Burns believes that the cold war began not after, but during the war, and that it grew out of Stalin's bitterness over our failure to open a second front sooner. Ho hum. Still, one would put Burns, who favored the war, alongside Lindbergh, who did not, in the school that says you couldn't really control the outcome of the war, and hence arguments for entering it and arguments for not entering it ought not to have been made with reference to diplomatic postwar visions. I.e., they are saying such things as that *all* Versailles treaties are

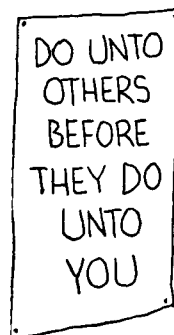
bound to fail, because wars set in motion currents and counter-currents that rationalists cannot understand, let alone control.

That thesis—a capitulation to historicity—is an old one, and there is no doubting that the sense of frustration with development in the postwar world is responsible for the general impatience of Vietnam, and with the formal re-entry into isolationism of such as Walter Lippmann, who shortly before his retirement said yes, that is what he now is: a neoisolationist. Whether Mr. Lindbergh has followed his old followers, by standing up for American action in, for instance, Vietnam, the Dominican Republic and Lebanon, nobody knows; because Mr. Lindbergh doesn't talk about these things any more, and I don't blame him: neither would I, if I had been subjected to such abuse as he was subjected to by, among other things, the Soldier of Freedom, who called him a Copperhead, and denied him the chance to serve his country in the Air Force when he offered to enlist.

What is left over, incidentally, is the question whether a major power has any moral responsibilities whatever. We were taught during the Forties (and I continue to believe it) that there was something very close to an undeniable moral imperative to go to the aid of the Jewish people of Europe who were about to be systematically exterminated. But surely the lesson of the Jews is a universal, and we should be prepared to guard against the projected extermination of for instance Vietnamese patriots by the north?

Is there a place for *noblesse oblige* in international affairs? Or is it wrong for a country to take on aristocratic airs? Mr. Lindbergh's journals will revive a debate which almost tore America apart, from the ultimate business of which we were saved by the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, which annealed the whole nation. What experience could do such a thing for America today? □

(Washington Star Syndicate Inc.)



Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

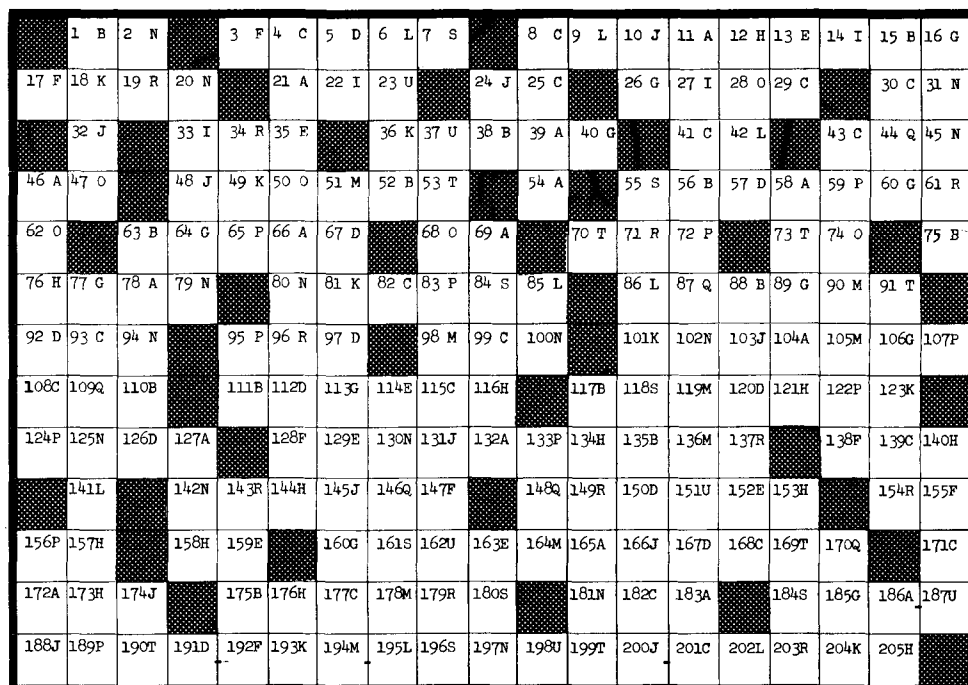
DEFINITIONS

A. This can be one of four men or a beloved one of two men	66 11 39 54 58 132 165 172 186 183 69 104 127 21 46 78	K. One of seven persons who governs	193 123 204 81 18 101 36 49
B. What many a bureaucrat is	75 38 56 63 83 110 117 135 1 175 15 52 111	L. A type of bean	6 141 85 86 202 195 42 9
C. Unscramble - PRUNE NICE ALBATROSS	82 4 43 93 108 115 168 171 177 182 201 8 29 30 41 99 139 25	M. A written statement of the qualifications of someone seeking employment	51 164 178 194 105 90 98 119 136
D. What many legislators are guilty of	120 92 97 112 167 191 5 67 57 126 150	N. A political arrangement that works well when the groups are competitive	100 45 125 142 181 197 2 20 31 79 80 94 102 130
E. A group of islands belonging to Norway	114 13 159 152 163 129 35	O. A Western state	28 47 50 62 68 74
F. A sequence of rulers from the same family	128 155 17 138 3 192 147	P. An ancient country between two rivers	72 83 122 133 156 189 59 65 124 95 107
G. A song title that contains a superfluous invitation	106 16 26 40 64 77 113 160 185 60 89	Q. A spotted leopardlike cat	87 148 170 109 44 146
H. An Austrian general (1663-1736)	140 121 134 144 153 157 158 173 205 12 76 176 116	R. A period in English history (1660 to 1685 or 1688)	143 179 137 154 203 19 34 96 71 149 61
I. A chamber in which coal is mined	14 22 27 33	S. To again take an office, as Cleveland did the presidency	180 118 196 55 7 161 184 84
J. The mother was standing in Latin	166 10 24 188 32 48 103 131 145 174 200	T. What Handel was called (followed by of the Eighteenth Century)	73 91 169 70 199 190 53
		U. An animal I would hate to combat	23 37 151 198 187 162

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1014 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram



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they sprang. You are a witness as Socrates
drinks the deadly hemlock rather than give in
to the Liberals of his day, who insisted (in
eerily familiar terms) that there was no ab-
solute right or wrong, only the "socially use-
ful." You sense Aristotle's awe and joy as he
comes to the knowledge of the one God . . .
as he applies his newly worked-out rules of
logic to discover that only a limited, con-
stitutional government is moral. And you see
Marx refuted more than two thousand years
before his birth as Plato insists upon the
values beyond materialism.

The Grandeur That Was Rome. You cheer as
Cicero uncovers the left-wing plot of Cataline
before the Senate — a warning that came just
in time. (Will ours?) You mourn as the old
Roman virtues of honor, truth and dignity
fall before the screechings of mobs degraded
by welfare. But even in the night of Roman
tyranny, there is light: Marcus Aurelius and
Seneca formulate philosophies with more
than a slight resemblance to Christianity —
although Seneca may never have heard of
Christ!

The Jews and Early Christians. You are there
at the mighty moment when Moses delivers
the Law to his people. You probe the origins
of Christianity in Judaism, watch with Con-

stantine as the Cross marks his epochal vic-
tory at the Milvian Bridge. Monasteries spring
up, and with them the life of prayer, scholar-
ship and community that preserves the great
works of Greece and Rome, of Judaism and
early Christianity until light breaks through
the Dark Ages. Augustine of Hippo: first a
libertine, then great saint and thinker who
underscored the things that are not Caesar's.

The Medieval World. Thomas Aquinas . . .
Richard the Lionhearted . . . the age of schol-
ars . . . the flower of chivalry. You capture
the spirit of the age in the story of the saint
who was called "the dumb ox" — and became
Christendom's teacher.

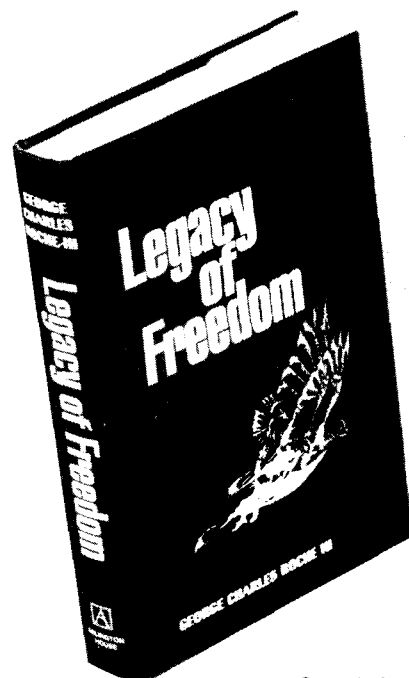
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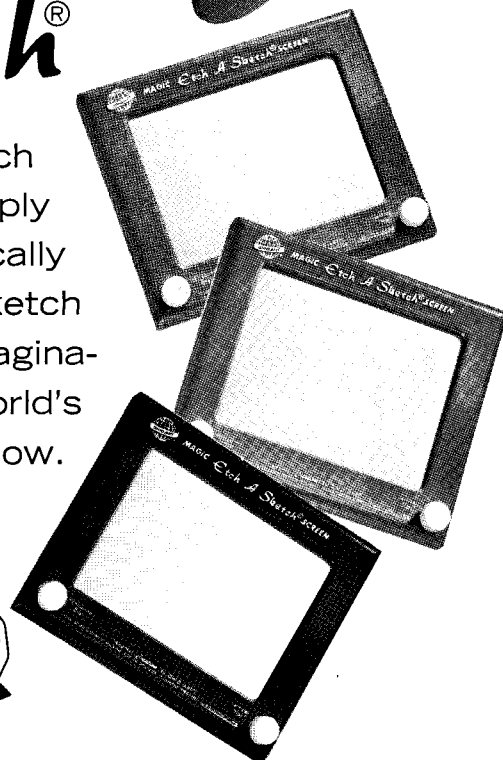
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